

JUBILEE-SOUVENIR NUMBER in honor of COMFORT'S twenty-first birthday, which we celebrate by offering 538 prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, including a seven-prizes combination of \$1,300.00 for one person. See Jubilee Prize Offer on Page 24.

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

Vol XXI

November 1908

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For twenty-one years, COMFORT, bearing the shield of purity, truth, and brotherly love, armed with the sword of justice, teaching charity by precept and example, proving its faith by its works, has led and ever will lead the millions of its followers onward and upward by inspiring an abiding faith, a higher hope, a nobler charity, a more exalted ambition patiently and faithfully to bear the cross of this life to the attainment of the peace which passeth understanding and the crown of the life everlasting. SEE THAT YOU GET THE EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT which has been added to this 36-page "COMFORT."

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

SUBSCRIPTION.

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Subscriptions for England, Canada and Foreign Countries, cannot be accepted.

Subscriptions are entered on our books as soon as received, and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise ordered.

POSTAGE to all parts of the United States is prepaid by us.

When making a change of residence, in order to insure the uninterrupted delivery of COMFORT, it is essential that you be advised of the change in address IMMEDIATELY. Postmaster cannot forward second-class postage unless stamping your missing copies of COMFORT with such you and we do not supply back numbers.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: All literary contributions should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they are not available. Manuscripts should not be rolled.

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## Crumb's of Comfort

Serving others is serving ourselves. There is a speedy limit to the use of heroes. The cheapness of man is every day's tragedy. Believe that story false which should not be true. Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains. There is beggary in the love that can be reckoned. Man is miserable only so far as he thinks himself so.

What is not good for virtue may be good for knowledge. Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.

Human strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding extremes. Newspapers are a universal whispering gallery for all mankind.

Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.

A man of thought must feel the thought that is parent of the universe.

No man acquires property without acquiring with it a little arithmetic, also.

Wherever the sentiment of right comes in it takes precedence of everything else.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

We promise according to our hopes and fulfill according to our selfishness and fears.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best hearts.

Poverty is the only load that is heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in bearing it.

A coquette is a woman without any heart who makes a fool of a man who hasn't any heart.

The presence of politeness does not indicate wisdom, but its absence is a sure sign of lack of wisdom.

## Current Topics

The Australian government will erect five wireless stations along its coast.

Preparations are being made by Irish ship-builders to lay the keel of a ship a thousand feet long.

The battleships Maine and Alabama are the first to complete the memorable globe-circling voyage which began at Hampton Roads last December.

Special exercises commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Noah Webster's birth were held Oct. 16, at New Haven, Conn.

Successful telephoning without wires over a distance of fifty miles is announced by the British navy.

The only clergyman who signed the declaration of independence is to have a monument erected to his memory in Washington.

The American battleship fleet entered Yokohama Harbor Oct. 18, after encountering a terrific storm in which one life was lost.

The profile of George Washington, instead of full face view, will appear on the new two cent stamps. The same change will be made in the one-cent stamps having Franklin's face full view.

## Comfort's Little Joker



Teacher.—Do you know what the Lord would say if he knew you talked so bad?

Little Boy.—The Lord would say that I was a little boy and didn't know no better.

The Infant.—What does "conscience" mean?

The Father.—Conscience, my son, is that scared feeling which makes a man own up when he feels certain that he's going to be found out.

## Good Fishing



Farmer's Wife.—Massiful mice! Enoch. Where's yer glass eye?

Farmer.—I just gossed it aout putting a fisherman off the brook. Didn't ye hear me holers? Skeered him nigh witness, an' he ginn' me five dollars ter see a doctor. Run in the bedroom, Suky, an' git another outer the box. Mebbe I'll ketch a couple more fellers afore dark.

## A Proud Father

Small Boy.—Say, Pa, are you as great as George Washington?

Father.—Greater, my son, for Washington never had a little boy like you.

His Sister's Suitor.—Now, Willie, tell me what your father says about me, won't you?

Little Willie.—Oh, no, sir! Papa says that little boys like me must never swear, sir!



Willie.—Say girls, fancy I've got a mustache coming. Three hairs one side and two the other. Nuisance there's not an equal number each side, girls, isn't it?

Girls.—Yes, Willie, it makes your face look lopsided.

## Political Opinions

He.—A woman can spank a baby all right, but she should keep her hands off of the ballot-box."

She.—"Oh, I don't know. I think if the women could spank the ballot-boxes as they do the babies, we would have much better politics."

## The Wise Boy

"I say, Johnnie," said a joking man to a small boy playing truant, "if four dollars and four dollars make nine dollars how long would it take you to make tracks for school?"

"About as long as it would take for four dollars and four dollars to make nine dollars," replied the boy. "You'd better be making tracks for school, yourself, hadn't you?" and the joking man hadn't any more to say.

## Appreciative



Mildewed Leathers.—Lady, kin I bev a piece of dat same ple ye ginn' me yes'ddy? 'Twas just de ting.

Pleased Housewife.—Yes, my good man: there is some left. My cranky husband is idiot enough not to like it.

Mildewed Leathers.—Ho! Us fellers did. We bored a hole troo it, made a handle an' played throw de hatchet, but it stuck in a tree and won't come out, so I'm sent up fer anudder slice.

## Have You Renewed Your Subscription?

THAT ENVELOPE FOLDER SUBSCRIPTION BLANK which some of you received last month wrapped in your October COMFORT only went to those whose subscriptions expired with that number or will soon run out.

We also printed a notice to that effect in October COMFORT.

Many have taken heed and renewed promptly.

A few have carelessly let their subscriptions run out and so will not receive this Jubilee number. WE ONLY PROMISED 36 big pages this month, but have added an EIGHT PAGE SUPPLEMENT, making 44 pages. NOW WATCH OUT for the GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This is a SURE REMINDER to those of you who received the ENVELOPE FOLDER SUBSCRIPTION BLANK last month and HAVE NOT RENEWED, that if you receive this paper this month your subscription is surely on its LAST LEGS.

Renew now two years for 25 cents, or one year for 20 cents, so not to MISS OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER. The special rate of TWO YEARS FOR 25 CENTS holds good at present only for PROMPT RENEWALS by old subscribers.

Renew now and get in line to win one of our JUBILEE PRIZES announced on page 24.

This is only the beginning of our Jubilee year and we are going to celebrate it throughout by making COMFORT unusually interesting and attractive each and every one of the next eleven months.

If you don't renew you will miss it every month and be uncomfortable all the year.

Can you afford to be without COMFORT when it costs you only 25 CENTS FOR 24 MONTHS? And DECEMBER COMFORT itself will give you a great treat. DONT MISS IT.

Raise a subscription club also and try for one of our 134 November cash prizes, besides regular premiums sure. Send for our new Jubilee Premium Catalogue free.

New subscribers this month will receive this Jubilee-Souvenir number and 13 months more of COMFORT for 20 cents. The big HOLIDAY NUMBER alone will be more than worth the price.

# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; s. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. b. slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

Various Holiday Gifts

THE months have rolled around and once again it is only a matter of a few weeks from now until Christmas time, and preparations for celebrating this holiday are, by many, already well advanced. As this is COMFORT'S twenty-first birthday we are celebrating by showing you an unusual amount of pretty articles to make.

Gifts which are fashioned by the sender's own hands are always doubly precious, and so well recognized is this fact, that in planning our gifts, we will give much more pleasure if we use a little ingenuity in utilizing what we have, than if we spend what we can ill afford for things which are, perhaps, more showy.

For this reason we will consider this month a variety of useful and inexpensive little articles, which came from COMFORT readers in response to our recent prize offer. Any of which can be made of odds and ends of material and will make attractive presents.

A Novel Penwiper

Cut the face from white flannel or felt, chamois skin is desirable and one can get clearer and more satisfactory work, and draw in the features with ink or oil paints. Make the old-fashioned bonnet of silk on a foundation of stiff paper, turn all edges over and paste down on the wrong side and then cover by pasting over a thinner sheet of paper. Now cut in the exact outline of face and bonnet, two heads



PENWIPER.

of chamois and one of paper on which can be written:

In these three modest faces  
Behold the three Graces,  
They boast of no beauty—  
But are ready for duty.  
You may daub them all over  
As much as you will,  
And blacken their eyes  
With the end of your quill,  
And they'll never resent it;  
These three little Graces  
'Thout jewels or laces  
With plain honest faces  
Will ever keep still.

Trim the bonnet with ribbon and make a bow under the chin which serves to hold all together. These two articles were submitted by Mrs. L. C. Rand.

Crocheted Necktie

Crocheted neck ties are so popular at present that every man covets one. But if you would make one which is sure to be acceptable, certain points must be remembered, spare no pains to make your work good, firm and even,

also of the proper length, breadth and correctly shaped where it is to pass around the neck. The color, too, is an important consideration, and one should be careful to select a shade becoming and also popular with the one for whom the tie is intended. Two contrasting colors, used as shown in our illustration form a stylish combination.

Two or three spools of silk will be required. The work should be done tightly or the tie will not be firm.

Make a chain of twenty-two stitches.

1st row.—Double crochet in each st.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, d. c. in each st.

Repeat until there are twelve rows, break silk, join and make strip of three rows of darker shade. Continue until the tie measures fifteen inches.

To decrease: Drop 1 st. at beginning and end of every third row, until 9 sts. remain. Work strip fifteen inches long or required size for neck band.

To increase: Work an extra stitch at beginning and end of every third row until you have twenty-one stitches. Work ten inch length for short end of tie. The neck band should be lined with ribbon to prevent stretching.

Irish Point Collar

Besides the usual value of handmade lace, any article made especially for a person has an added value on that account. As a handsome collar is an addition to most any gown, and can with care, be used a lifetime, such a one as

is here shown would surely be welcomed by any lover of the beautiful and dainty.

Experienced crocheters will have no difficulty if these directions are carefully followed.

Material required: Three spools of regular crochet cotton or linen thread, a fine steel crochet hook, one spool padding cord.

All leaves and medallions are made first and separately. Then a cord, long enough to outline the entire collar is closely crocheted over with single crochet. Now cut from paper or cloth a collar and baste the cord on it, outlining the shape you desire the collar to be, then place, and baste leaves and medallions in positions, after which fill in and join all parts, with chains and picots, as illustrated.

Around the neck, to give firmness crochet two or three rows of double crochet, with ch. 1 between each.

To make the leaf, begin at the center, wind the thread thirteen times around an ordinary lead pencil, slip it off and make 34 s. c. o. ring, then 1 round 1's. c. in each 34 s. c.

2nd row.—Make six petals for leaf as follows: Ch. 18, 1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 3, sl. 3 sts., 1 s. c. in next st., ch. 3, sl. st. 3, 1 s. c. in

1st row.—Ch. 6, turn.

2nd row.—Tr. c. in 4th st., ch. 2, 2 tr. in same st., ch. 9, extra tr. (thread over 4 times) in 5th st., ch. 9, shell of 2, tr., 2 ch., 2 tr. in 6th st., ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, sl. 7 sts., 1 d. c. in 8th st., ch. 2, sl. 1 st., 1 tr. and 1 st., 1 d. c. in next st., ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 11 tr. under 2 ch., 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

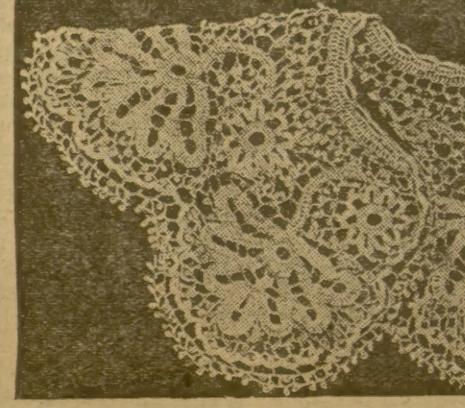
5th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 1st st., \* ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next st., \* repeat 8 times, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

6th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under 1st 3 ch., \* ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next 3 ch., \* repeat 7 times, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13th rows like 6th row, decreasing 1 ch. each row until there is only one left in the point.

14th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

15th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, 1 long tr.



LACE COLLAR IN IRISH POINT.

By Mrs. L. M. Dearborn, Winner of a Special Prize.

next st., ch. 4, fasten in ring at starting point, 3 s. c. in ring, now you are ready for next petal. Ch. 18 and proceed as before, continue until you have six of these around ring, then s. c. around remaining part of ring and when you reach 1st petal \*, make 25 s. c. down one side to center, making 5 s. c. between the 1st 3 bars, making 15 s. c., then s. c. in the end bar until you have made 35 s. c., then 5 s. c. in between each of the next 3 bars, making 50 s. c. around petal and fasten in stitch next to one you started from, 2 s. c., \*. Repeat from \* to \*. S. c. the remaining part of ring to center, then ch. 30 for stem, turn and s. c. in each st. and fasten into ring, turn and s. c. back on stem and around down the other side and fasten in ring, then s. c. ring to 1st petal, then go around petal with d. c. in each s. c. until you reach 2nd bar, s. c. to next petal at 2nd bar and d. c. around this to 2nd bar, and s. c. on until you have finished 3 petals in this manner, then join 3rd and 4th petals at 2nd bar and make a ch. of 13, fasten with d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 4 and join to 4th petal, s. c. around this extra petal, then d. c. back in each st. of s. c. until you reach 4th petal, finish 4th, 5th and 6th petal as you did 1st three with d. c. to 2nd bar only, when 6th is reached d. c. up to ring, ch. 4, fasten in stem, ch. 6, make p.

(thread over 3 times) in d. c., ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

16th row.—Shell in shell, 1 d. c. in 2nd st. of 3 ch., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 2nd st. of next 3 ch., shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

17th row.—Sl. st. to center of last shell, shell under 2 ch., fasten with s. c. in center of next shell, and break thread.

Crochet two hearts like this of silk or silk-  
tine. Cut two pieces of muslin or silk the  
shape and size of the tiny heart in the center,  
place two layers of cotton and a good-sized  
pinch of sachet powder between them, turn  
muslin edges in and overcast. Place between  
the crocheted hearts and lace together with  
inch wide ribbon, tying the ends in a bow at  
top.

MRS. PERCY H. JACKSON.

Card Receiver and Calendar

This article is a wall decoration, card receiver and calendar combined. It is made of cardboard, cut in the shape of a fan, and is hand-painted. In order to get the correct shape open an ordinary sized fan and place a piece of paper under it, then draw the pattern with a lead pencil. Mark the twelve divisions at the top of the fan, with a lead pencil and the space below represents the sticks, using a paper pattern for a

of 5, ch. 2, catch back in leaf with d. c. and go around leaf in this manner until stem is reached and fasten with s. c. in stem, make seven of these leaves or the desired number according to size of collar.

For the medallions make the center as for leaf, winding linen thirteen times around pencil, 34 s. c. around ring, then 34 s. c. in previous row of s. c., ch. 10, join in ring with s. c. 10 times, having 10 loops around ring, 10 s. c. in loop, make p. of ch. 5 in center of loop, and 10 s. c. in same loop, finish each loop in like manner, make eight of these medallions, baste leaves on bottom of collar and medallions nearer the top, between stems of leaves, see illustration.

To finish and give a soft lacy edge, begin at one side of the front and make ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch.

guide. Then paint it and let it dry. Colors used are geranium red, and white mixed with the red to make the pink.

Cut four pieces of cardboard large enough to hold a calling card, shape them a little smaller at the bottom so that they will fit the fan, then paint them, the four little scenes to represent spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Paste or sew them on a piece of red velvet or other material, let the velvet extend over the sides like a binding, and leave the velvet wide enough at the bottom to make small folds, sew them to the fan, sew a piece of quilled ribbon or silk across the bottom of the card receivers where they are sewed on the fan. Get a small calendar from the drug store, cut out each month,

5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., skipping 5 sts. over the cord each time, continue all round.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c., \*, ch. 8, catch back in 3d st., ch. 2, 1 d. c., \*, repeat from \* to \*.

3rd row.—Same as second.

Wash, put through thin starch and iron while quite damp on soft cloth until thoroughly dry.

MRS. LIDA M. DEARBORN.

Unique Pin Cushion

The horse shoe which forms the foundation of the Good Luck cushion, is a cushion made in this shape, well filled and covered with brown velvet, the decorations consisting of shamrocks made of green silk and placed as shown in illustration.

Crocheted Heart Sachet

These are always welcomed, as one can scarcely have too many for different waists and dresses to lay away in drawers and boxes.

1st row.—Ch.

6, turn.

2nd row.—Tr.

c. in 4th st., ch.

2, 2 tr. in same

st., ch. 9, extra

tr. (thread over

4 times) in 5th

st., ch. 9, shell

of 2, tr., 2 ch., 2

tr. in 6th st., ch.

1, turn.

3rd row.—

Shell in shell,

ch. 7, sl. 7 sts., 1

d. c. in 8th st.,

ch. 2, sl. 1 st., 1

tr. and 1 st., 1 d.

c. in next st., ch.

7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 11 tr. under 2

ch., 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

5th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 1st

st., \* ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next st., \*, repeat 8 times,

shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

6th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under 1st 3 ch., \* ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next 3 ch., \*, repeat 7 times, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13th rows like 6th row, decreasing 1 ch. each row until there is only one left in the point.

14th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

15th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, 1 long tr.

HEART SACHET.

# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HIS is COMFORT'S twenty-first birthday, the most important and eventful occasion in the life of this, your favorite magazine. We feel sure that you will rejoice with us, and extend us your heartiest congratulations on our coming of age. Not one publication in a thousand ever reaches its twenty-first birthday.

COMFORT at its birth was a small but robust infant, and it has gathered strength with every succeeding year of its growth, until now, the tiny seed, which held the germ of a useful, stainless and successful life, has developed into a mighty oak, the branches of which spread into every State, and into a million and a quarter homes, from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Alaska. No matter where you go, there you will find COMFORT. The reason for the success of this publication is not far to seek. COMFORT's foundation was laid in the hearts of its readers, and your sympathy and appreciation, through the twenty-one years of its career have nourished it, and given it its vigorous strength and influence, and made it what it is today, an educational and uplifting force, and the most prosperous and influential publication of its kind, not only in this country, but in all the wide world.

He who builds must be sure of his foundation if his building is to live and last. COMFORT has succeeded, because it built well, and built right. The sympathy and appreciation that exists between COMFORT's staff and its readers—our proudest possession—grows stronger with every year of our existence.

This magazine comes to you, not as a thing of paper and type, but as a friend, a friend with a message of sympathy and comfort, a friend with a warm handclasp, who wishes you well. It will ever be our endeavor to maintain and keep virile and strong the precious ties that bind us together in brotherly love, one mighty family, whose official organ is COMFORT.

In our illustrated "Story of COMFORT" we have told briefly some of the most important facts about COMFORT, its birth, its growth, its achievements and its purposes, and incidentally have tried to give some idea of its home surroundings, which are indeed beautiful and should be especially interesting to those of its readers who live in far-away sections of the country so different and perhaps somewhat less favorable to life, health and activity. But the good will of the good people is the same everywhere, and that is what COMFORT possesses and tries to deserve. If you cannot afford, like the wealthy summer tourists from the great cities, to come to Maine and enjoy the luxury of its cool sea breezes and its incense-laden air which is wafted from its northern forests, COMFORT's story will help you to make the journey in your imagination. Our good publisher introduced himself to you and told you something of himself in our last January number, but he was too modest to tell you many interesting facts about himself, some of which I have taken the liberty to narrate in "The Story of COMFORT," to which they properly belong because so much of his life and soul has gone into making COMFORT what it is.

Once more we thank you for your loyalty, support and appreciation. We know you are with us to stay, and you are with us because you know we are doing our best, not only to turn out a good magazine but to make this world a better place

to live in. We are trying to make the Golden Rule a part of our daily lives and yours. In this work we know we shall succeed, because it is a work on which you, as well as ourselves, have set our hearts. It is a work we feel confident God will bless and prosper.

Once more then, we wish every member of the COMFORT family health, prosperity and Godspeed.

both Federal and State, to agricultural matters. But practically the whole of the effort has hitherto been directed toward increasing the production of crops. Our attention has been concentrated almost exclusively on getting better farming. But when this has been secured, the effort for better farming should cease to stand alone, and should be accompanied by the effort for better business and better living on the farm.

"There is but one person whose welfare is as vital to the welfare of the whole country as is that of the wage-worker who does manual labor; and that is the tiller of the soil—the farmer. If there is one lesson taught by history it is that the permanent greatness of any State must ultimately depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else. No growth of cities, no growth of wealth can make up for a loss in either the number or the character of the farming population.

"How can life on the farm be kept on the highest level, and where it is not already on that level, be so improved, dignified and brightened as to awaken and keep alive the pride and loyalty of the farmer's boys and girls, of the farmer's wife, and the farmer himself? How can a compelling desire to live on the farm be aroused in the children that are born on the farm? All these questions are of vital importance not only to the farmer, but to the whole nation.

"It is especially important that whatever will serve to prepare country children for life on the farm, and whatever will brighten home life in the country and make it richer and more attractive for the mothers, wives and daughters of farmers, should be done promptly, thoroughly and gladly.

"There is no more important person, measured in influence, upon the life of the nation, than the farmer's wife, no more important home than the country home, and it is of national importance to do the best we can for both.

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their share of public attention along the lines of business and social life. There is too much belief among all our people that the prizes of life lie away from the farm. I am therefore anxious to bring before the people of the United States the question of securing better business and better living on the farm, whether by co-operation between farmers for buying, selling and borrowing; by promoting social advantages, and other legitimate means that will help to make country life more gainful, more attractive and fuller of opportunities, pleasures and rewards, for the men, women and children of the farms."

This matter is of such intense importance to our readers that we have quoted President Roosevelt's remarks in full. He has gone into the subject so thoroughly that there is little for us to say upon the matter, except that we hope that the work of the commission and the action that Congress will take upon the recommendation of the commission, will result in a vast improvement in the sanitary conditions, and the social and business life of the farmers. The farmer is the corner-stone of our national life, he practically carries the nation upon his back, and the healthier, happier and more prosperous he is, the better and more efficiently will he be able to carry out the onerous and important duties which are part of his life.

Comfort's Editor.

## Some Good Old Songs We All Love

Sent In and Published at the Request of Comfort Subscribers

### Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Silver upon my brow today;  
Life is fading fast away;  
But my darling, you will be, will be—  
Always young and fair to me;  
Yes; my darling, you will be  
Always young and fair to me.

### CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Silver upon my brow today  
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,  
And your cheeks no longer bright  
With the roses of the May,  
I will kiss your lips and say—  
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone—  
You have never older grown;  
Yes! my darling, mine alone,  
You have never older grown!

### CHORUS.

Love can nevermore grow old,  
Locks may lose their brown and gold;  
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,  
But the hearts that love will know,  
Never, never winter's frost and chill;  
Summer warmth is in them still;  
Never winter's frost and chill,  
Summer warmth is in them still.

### CHORUS.

Love is always young and fair,  
What to us is silver hair?  
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,  
To the heart that beats below?  
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,  
You have never older grown;  
Since I kissed you mine alone,  
You have never older grown.

### CHORUS.

**The Ship That Never Returned**  
On a summer day when the waves were rippled  
By the softest, gentlest breeze,  
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas,  
There were sweet farewells,  
There were loving signals,  
While a form was yet descended,  
For they knew it not 'twas a solemn parting,  
For the ship she never returned.

### CHORUS.

Did she ever return?  
No, she never returned,  
Her fate is yet unlearned,  
Though for years and years  
There were fond ones watching  
For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
I must cross the wide, wide seas  
For they say perchance in a foreign climate  
There is health and strength for me.  
'Twas a gleam of hope in a mass of danger,  
Her poor heart for her youngest yearned,  
Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing,  
On the ship that never returned.

### CHORUS.

Only one more trip, said a gallant seaman,  
As he kissed his weeping wife,  
Only one more bag of this golden treasure,  
And it will last us all through life,  
Then I'll spend my days in my cozy cottage  
And enjoy the rest I've earned,  
But alas, poor man, for he sailed commander  
Of the ship that never returned.

### CHORUS.

### When the Band Is Playing Dixie, I'm Humming "Home Sweet Home."

It was on a day when soldiers write a line to those they love,  
To mothers, wives and sweethearts, far away,  
When a fair-haired boy sat dreaming of a far-off Southern town,  
Of a dark-eyed maid who's waiting day by day,  
The strain of Down in Dixie softly floated o'er the breeze.

With tear-dimmed eyes he drank in every note;  
For his thoughts were back in Georgia with the girl  
he left behind.

And that day these simple words to her he wrote:

CHORUS.  
While the band is playing Dixie, I'm humming "Home, Sweet Home."  
For it takes me back to Georgia tho' I'm far across the foam,  
Once again beside the river with my Mary dear, I roam,  
While the band is playing Dixie, I'm humming "Home, Sweet Home."

On that night when all were sleeping came the bugle call to arms,  
With flashing eyes they plunged into the fray,  
Among the first to give his life all for the flag he

Was the boy who dreamed of Dixie far away.  
They found within his pocket there a blood-stained little note.

A bullet hole had pierced it through and through.  
It began with Darling Mary, if I don't come back again,  
Just remember that my last thoughts were of you.

CHORUS.

### You Can't Repay Your Mother

One dreary night, a mother stood pleading with her boy,  
Whose early dissipation shattered all her hope and joy;  
"Come home my boy, oh, do!" she cried, "don't drink any more,  
You don't know half the anguish that you cause me o'er and o'er."  
Just then a friend was passing, who heard the sad request,  
"Come Jack," said he, "old friend go home, your mother there knows best,  
Don't cause her grief and sorrow, for which some day you'll rue,  
Don't treat her so, she's old you know, but do as she wishes you."

CHORUS.

You can't repay your mother, no matter what you do,  
You can't repay your mother, for half she's done for you,  
Through weary hours of childhood, she nursed you night and day,  
And the debt you owe your mother, Jack! you'll never be able to pay.

Yes! Ned, tonight I will go home, you're right, for what you've done,  
I'll quit the life I'm leading which I wish I'd not begun;  
My mother there, God bless her too, I've wronged her that I know,  
And yet she will forgive me, I'm ashamed to tell you so.  
"Forgive you, Jack," the mother said, "with all my heart I will."  
"Forgive you, as a mother can, you are my own boy still."  
Jack turned to Ned, and thanked him, his words had touched his heart.  
"Yes! I'll go home, your words have shown that my life again I'll start."

CHORUS.

### The Drummer-boy of Waterloo

When battle roused each warlike band,  
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,  
Young Edwin left his native land,  
A drummer-boy of Waterloo.

Repeat last two lines for refrain.

His mother, when his lips she pressed,  
And bade her noble boy adieu,  
With wringing hands and aching breast,  
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he who knew no infant fears,  
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,  
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears,  
Till I return from Waterloo."

He went, but ere the set of sun,  
Before our arms the foe subdue,  
The flash of death, that murderous gun,  
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

"O comrades, comrades!" Edwin cried,  
And proudly beamed his eyes of blue,  
"Go tell my mother Edwin died,  
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum,  
Beneath the moon's pale, mournful hue,  
When night had stilled the battle's hum,  
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

The boy addressed his honor, while the tears rolled down his cheek:  
Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?

His honor then consented, the boy hung down his head,  
And turning to the jurymen these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember I'm his mother, the prisoner there is my son,  
And gentlemen remember 'tis the first crime he has done,  
Don't send my boy to prison for that would drive me wild,  
Remember I'm his mother, I'm pleading for my child.

The lawyer for the prosecution on the widow commenced to frown,  
And quietly asked his honor to order her to sit down.

He said it was disgraceful, a gross insult indeed,  
For his honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.

The widow's eyes flashed fire, her cheeks turned death-

ly pale,  
The reason why I am here today is to save my boy from jail,  
I own my boy is guilty, I own his crime is bad,  
But remember I'm a widow, pleading for my child.

CHORUS.

The judge addressed the prisoner and thus to him did say,

As long as I sit on this bench to see you there today,

I will not blight your future while on your crime I frown.

I can't forget that I have got some children of my own,

Therefore I will discharge you, the court then gave a cheer,

But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,

I hope you'll prove a comfort, that you'll never again do bad,

For she has proved there's no one clinging like a mother to her lad.

CHORUS.

### Tapping at the Garden Gate

Who's that tapping at the garden gate?  
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate?  
E'er night I have heard of late  
Somebody tapping at the garden gate;  
What, you sly little puss don't know?  
Why do you blush and fitter so?  
What are you looking for under the chair?  
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there;  
E'er night about half past eight,  
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate;  
E'er night about half past eight,  
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.

Music by S. W. New.

### Sing Me a Song of the South

A well-fought battle ended, a victory nobly earned,  
A wounded soldier lying where he fell,  
Thinking of the mother to whom he'll ne'er return,  
And wondering who to her his fate would tell.

He called his comrades to him, his face was cold and white,  
And well they knew death's angels hovered near,  
He said, I'll answer roll call boys far away tonight,  
But one more Southern song I'd like to hear.

### CHORUS.

Sing me a song of the Sunny South,  
One with a sweet refrain,  
Sing me a song of Dixie Land,  
That I may be happy again;  
Sing me a sweet southern melody,  
Something of by gone days,  
Sing one song of my Old Kentucky Home,  
Sing me a song of the South.

All nature seemed to mourn him, for everything was still,  
Except the voices of his comrades nigh,  
The song they sang so sweetly, was echoed by the hills.

That seemed to sadly murmur their reply!  
At last the song was ended, but ere its echoes ceased,  
They knew his spirit soul had passed away,  
And as they gently lowered him into the grave of peace.

Their thoughts were of his last request that day.

### CHORUS.

**The Little Things**  
A good by kiss is a little thing,  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare  
After the toll of the day,  
And it smooths the furrows ploughed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say "you are kind,  
I love you my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart I find,  
For love is tender, as love is blind,  
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's careess,  
We take but we do not give;  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole the love grudgingly,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.



**A Word Personal From Mrs. Wilkinson**

COMFORT is celebrating its twenty-first anniversary this year, an age which represents the best part of a lifetime to most of the sisters of this corner, and, as far back as they can remember, to many of the younger ones.

From the beginning when, under the guidance of Aunt Minerva, these columns appealed strongly to the women, the band of sisters has increased, until now the number is so large it is impossible to give all a place, such a flood of letters come each month from North, South, East and West.

Perhaps it would be well to say a few words in explanation, as doubtless many of you have been more or less disappointed at the non-appearance of your first attempts. These columns are open to all, but to make and helpful and instructive as possible you can readily understand it is necessary to weed out the letters (as all cannot appear), and choose those which will give the most to the greatest number. This naturally has to be the rule. In writing besides complying with the rules, be sure to include something of value, if it is only a suggestion and your letter will eventually find a place, even though it may not be for months.

Since I have been connected with this corner, I have come to feel almost personally acquainted with many of you, especially those who have come frequently, and realizing that strong friendships have been formed by means of these letters, I know that it will be a pleasure to you all to see the faces of a few of these unseen friends, including some of the Prize Winners in the last fancy work contest, whose photographs Mr. Gannett was fortunate enough to secure, and in response to the repeated requests of so many of you, I also consented to have my own included. I suppose I really ought to give my age, but I will let you guess, and step aside to make room for Mrs. Linden.

**From a Sister Who Has Taken Comfort for Twenty Years**

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: As the twenty-first anniversary of our dear household magazine, COMFORT, is at hand let me say a few words of appreciation. I will state my gratitude by sending in my picture and with the kind consent of Mrs. Wilkinson and the editor it will appear. This will give the sister's more satisfaction than all the letters I could write.

I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, from German parents who spoke German and English fluently. I married a foreigner from "Lorraine" who speaks good German and French. We have been married nineteen years and ours is the most happy union one can wish. We have been lovers and we never let shadows trouble us.

I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred forty-three pounds hair dark brown and steel grayish eyes. I will be forty-seven years old December 8th. My husband was forty-seven last August.

When troubles come I pick up COMFORT and read about the more unfortunate sisters' troubles and find lots of consolation in that. I then turn to Uncle Charlie's Corner and it is just like balsam on wounds.

I am very thankful for assistance in finding a lost friend, Nicolas Wagner, who went out into the hills of Alaska. I lost that correspondent's address. I want him to accept our most heartfelt thanks.

I receive valuable information in reading all the several departments, for I have taken COMFORT for twenty years and know its merits.

With success to COMFORT's staff, and most of all to its Publisher, Mr. Gannett,

Respectfully yours,  
MRS. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, 4 East Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**A GROUP OF COMFORT'S**



**SISTERS AND CORRESPONDENTS**

MYRTLE RICKARD

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am sending my photograph to be inserted in the Twenty-first Anniversary Jubilee number of COMFORT and shall feel highly honored to see it in this issue of dear old COMFORT. I have enjoyed reading the letters and hearing from my

dear friends very much, and know we shall all enjoy the great November COMFORT. My picture is a very poor one but it is the best I have.

With best wishes to all my dear COMFORT friends, I am ever your friend,  
MRS. LYDIA L. ECKLE, Lincoln, Nebr.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

Surely no better name could be applied to those who compose this comforting band. As I am a country girl and always have been will write especially to the farmers' wives and daughters.

How many of you, dear sisters, enjoy poultry work. I do and have made it pay. I have White Wyandottes and R. I. Reds and they are beauties. I do not praise them for their appearance alone, but because in my opinion they are the best all-round fowl to raise. When you carry them to market they are heavy enough to send the scale to a pleasing notch, and you haven't been feeding them for months either. They are fine broilers at six or eight weeks and are but little trouble to dress for the table compared with the darker feathered fowl.

With best wishes to COMFORT and all interested in it, your sister,  
MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

sas than grain. Vegetables do well. One can raise grain for their own use but not for the market. Hogs, sheep and cattle do fine. They run out in the woods and need but little feed till Christmas. Then is when our winter sets in and the next three months is very disagreeable but we have nine months of fine weather, very seldom have hard storms or droughts.

The people are up-to-date for dress around the towns but back in the country they live like their grandparents did as much as they can, but they are the best hearted souls you ever met. Mail is carried here from Springdale on a hack and carried to Attie P. O. on horseback. They take but little interest in working the highways.

With best wishes to COMFORT and all interested in it, your sister,

MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

When I wrote last it was December and near the merry Christmas tide. Then it was I said I would come again and tell a little more to COMFORT's happy family, of our country and its people. Many write descriptive letters from their widely different homes, that are a source of pleasure to all who read them.

Beautiful June with her roses has gone, reminding us of the swiftness of life's journey, and that the present hour alone is ours. "The region wherein no living thing hath habitation is called yesterday, while that where no man has ever set foot is known as tomorrow." Many will see the glories of this evening's sun as it casts its mighty rays athwart the blue dome of heaven in magnificent splendor (for the last time on earth), but we are told that "the stars go down to rise upon a fairer shore," so why not we? This is the afternoon of the fourth of July, which is so universally celebrated over America, and by many who have no idea in the world what they are celebrating for.

Roberson county, the largest and finest in North Carolina, is in the southern part of the state, one hundred miles from the sea. Hay, grain, tobacco, vegetables, fruit, corn, melons and the everlasting cotton, is raised here. This latter crop I have no use for, 'tis expensive and has to be nursed like a child from beginning to end or it is no good, and while that goes on the colored people are too agreeably employed to be of service anywhere else. One of my grandfathers owned slaves and among them near by still lives "Wash the overseer" and "Mammie Della" the cook. I saw her yesterday and although her hair is very white, she still seems bright and cheerful, and loves "her white people."

created us with rosy cheeks, good rich blood, sound digestive organs, and perfect lungs, so should we not use every precaution to keep them so and guard against disease. Live in the sunny rooms of your home, don't be afraid of fresh air. Open windows in the morning, let the sweet, pure air in every corner, sleep with a stream of fresh air in your bedroom, if you do not you will wake in the morning with a dull headache, and feel as if you were only half rested. Bathe frequently. I, truthfully, know of people who do not bathe for weeks, if not months. Dress comfortably be out in the air as much as possible and breathe deeply. Try this at least once a day. Hold your breath for a few minutes, and then exhale it slowly. Do this at least a dozen times, and I am sure you will feel more like going to work.

If nervous people who suffer from insomnia, will, after going to bed take at least twenty-four inhalations from the lungs, not the abdomen, you will not toss restlessly on your bed long, that is if you forget yourself and try to go to sleep. If one is cold or chilly the sensation will soon leave after this exercise. I am a fresh air enthusiast, for I know the benefit to be derived, but I will not say more on this subject now, as I want to touch on another line.

I have often wondered why it is that some people do not plan their work more, and thus save time and labor. Some folks sweep raising clouds of dust and taking a generous amount into the lungs, while if the broom is wet in warm water, or if pieces of wet newspaper are scattered over the floor all this could be obviated. Salt is also excellent to sprinkle over a carpet before sweeping as it gathers a good deal of dust, and thus prevents it flying. When it is necessary to dust don't use a dry cloth or one dampened in water, but one with a little coal oil (kerosene) on it, thereby making your furniture look much nicer.

I feel so sorry for the shut-ins and think that many of them might have been prevented from getting into such pitiable conditions if they had known of and exercised the laws of hygiene and health.

MRS. ANNIE BAILEY, 2716 Ohio St., Omaha, Nebr.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

We have been readers of COMFORT for nearly two years and we do enjoy it, always looking eagerly forward for its arrival.

We live in the Cascade mountains on the Columbia river, among its beautiful scenery. We have a fine climate, with the exception of the rain, that one soon gets accustomed to, the winters are seldom very cold, cool nights in the summer-time. Sometimes in the summer we think the days are warm but by bedtime, here in the mountains, we soon use our blankets with comfort. The soil is very productive for fruits, hay, grain and vegetables. Sisters who live where there is poor water can think of these beautiful mountain streams nearly like ice water and soft as rain water. COMFORT has done me so much good. I never realized my blessing of health and strength until I read of the dear shut-ins. How I wish I could help them all, and when I hear people complain of some little ache or pain I tell them of some of the suffering that I read of in COMFORT. If I can't help those I read of I try to help those who are near by. I am not a shut-in, but should enjoy letters on my birthday, Dec. 12th. My birthplace was near Atchison, Kans., and perhaps some of my Kansas acquaintances will see this. If so, please write.

As some mothers who have had experience have expressed their opinions in regard to children I want to say that one thing is certain, children must be governed by their dispositions. Some cannot be governed by just kindness alone, they soon take advantage but a few little spanks with the slipper will bring them to mind that mamma asked them to go on an errand. How often a mother will ask her child, perhaps five or six times to go on an errand and the seventh time she will perform the task herself. A child should be taught when mamma speaks once that that is the last time they are to be told; when they do your bidding thank them, perhaps a kiss on the forehead, for children do appreciate praise. Never talk to them in a rude way, but consider them as you wish them to consider you. So often I have seen parents punish their children for being saucy when at the same time they were only repeating what they had heard. Children must be ruled with a little fear along with love and kindness, and when they are in the wrong if wisely punished when they grow older and look back will never blame the parents for doing so. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. When you are thinking of your own troubles stop and think of others.

MRS. LUCY FARRINGTON, Butler, Wash.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

Your letters have helped me much and I want to come in for a little chat. How many sisters make their Christmas presents? I do, and there is a world of pleasure to be had that is missed when the gifts are bought the day before and never given a second thought.

I may be a little ahead of the season for the work but as my time like my pocketbook is limited I find it pays to "make hay while the sun shines."

Here are a few gifts that are easy and simple to make.

For the friend who is fond of sewing, take a small piece of brown or tan silk and make an emery. Cap it with a large acorn cap, a small pair of scissors and a tiny cushion. In the cushion place pins on one side and needles on the other. Fasten all together with baby ribbon of different lengths and finish with a bow at the top, sew a safety pin on the back of the bow to fasten to the wearer's dress.

Dainty collars are made by working three rows of double hemstitching in a piece of linen the desired size, then run baby ribbon through, finishing in a bow at the back. A pretty hair ornament is made of ten yards baby ribbon fashioned into a large bow and a half-pin sewed on.

Then the dainty drawwork handkerchiefs and pretty sofa pillows are always nice. If anyone wishes to hear more of the pillows I'll answer

**WANTED**

**EXTRA COPIES OF JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT**

So many of our subscribers want an extra copy of this JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT, that we have printed an extra lot of this edition for their benefit.

As we have said, we do not sell single copies and we cannot afford to give them away and pay the postage on them at the fourth-class rate which the government charges us on all duplicate copies to subscribers.

But as long as they last we will give free, postage prepaid by us, one copy of JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT as a PREMIUM for ONE 6 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION AT 10 CTS., or TWO COPIES for one yearly subscription AT 20 CTS.

20 cents' subscription this month begins with this JUBILEE-SOUVENIR number and runs 14 MONTHS IN ALL.

anyone sending me a stamped envelope. I'll be glad to hear from any of the sisters.

I am twenty years old. I have been married two and one half years. I have a darling baby boy fifteen months old.

I like COMFORT so much, but best of all the Sisters' Corner.

MRS. CHAS. CADDELL, Carthage, R. D. No. 3, N. C.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**

I am a new subscriber and have received more real comfort from these columns than all the other fine papers I take. I love to read the soul-inspiring talks the dear sisters give, for God is so good to us. How often when temptations assaile us or sorrow and grief come upon us that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



**and bringing its readers into close companionship.**

Some of our readers may be glad to know that "J. A. D." is slowly regaining her usual health and spirits after her terrible accident, on breaking her arm, last January.

This is the month of thanksgiving, for the abundant harvests we have been reaping, for the condition of our beautiful land, for our general health and prosperity, for our Thanksgiving day, when we shall meet all our loved ones, comparing our babies and our husbands, exchanging good wishes, and above all let us be thankful if we can sit down and enjoy a good old-fashioned roast turkey, cooked as only "Mother" can.

Joy and happiness be with you all,  
J. A. D., MRS. VAN DYKE, East Orange, Mass.

**DEAR EDITOR:**

Your letter received today. It is very nice to have the pictures of those who have taken an interest in helping our dear paper, and I gladly send mine and hope to see some of the others that are dear to us all, J. A. D. and yourself. Did you ever see a magazine that brought so many people together? We learn so much how each other thinks and lives. Also about different parts of the country. Those letters are most interesting to me. Mrs. Ada Marlin of Washington ought to have a prize for her good letter in the August number. How many hearts go out to the shut-ins.

What blessed work Uncle Charlie is doing with his band. I have joined them, and sisters when you renew send in an extra five cents and help the good work along.

I have dark complexion, large gray eyes, dark brown curly hair; five feet four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. I have been married four years. I have one bright-eyed boy three years old, and my baby boy who would have been two years old only lived about eighteen hours.

Arkansas is an "all around" good state. One can come nearer raising all they need than any other state I know of. I live on top of a mountain, half way between Huntsville and War Eagle river. Huntsville is the county-seat for Madison Co. We have six months free school and six months college. Free school begins in July and ends at Christmas. The college begins in January and out in June. We have four churches and no saloons. Fruit does better in Northwest Arkansas

ple" as much as ever. I don't think many of us want any labor here except that of the darky, of course some of them are harder to deal with than others, and my husband, who was from Vermont, after having observed the situation well, said that he was sure that no people living understood, or would ever get on with the darky, as do the Southern whites. They have their horses, buggies, well furnished houses, schools, churches and masonic halls. They are care free taking no thought of the morrow, and are, I think, by far the happier of the two races, for the other you know is generally too busy planning for riches, to think about happiness.

A gentleman living near here, sent away for several families of foreigners to do his work, they came, and one day he sent some of the men to the woods with a fine team of mules to haul wood, and instead of cutting the wood and laying on the wagon as is usual, they backed the team under a large tree, so that when cut it would fall in, which it did, destroying wagon and mules. This lack of any sort of judgment so disgusted the gentleman that he was hastily rid of his foreign tenantry, turning again to the race which most of us prefer.

Our roads are so fine for driving, that stock can't last very long, that are often on them, especially with young bloods driving. We get our horses from Va., Tenn., Ky., and Kansas City. In fact a colt is so rare a specimen as to be a curiosity, and I am sorry, for I love them, and as I've never learned the art of petting people, though I feel as though I would know how to pet a colt if I owned one.

Roberson is settled mostly by Scotch Presbyterians and nearly every man's name in the county begins with Mc, such as McQueen, McCallum, McBoyle, McKinnon. The home of four generations of my ancestors (the first coming direct from the Isle of Sky in Scotland), was torn away two years ago, after having stood the storms of a hundred years. The house was large and strong, and every piece of lumber in it was sawed by hand, and put together with wooden pegs. I was also born in that house, and am very near the one that replaces it.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, a few more moments of your precious time and I am through. After my last communication to COMFORT I received letter from ocean to ocean, and from Wisconsin to Louisiana. Many were from the pens of well informed and highly cultured people, while others, like stepmothers, were of the ordinary kind. I answered nearly all of them and in doing so replied to many and varied questions.

EMMA LEE OLSTEAD, Maxton, N. C.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

In this part of the country we have been visited with droughts and a hall-storm which destroyed our crops, then came a tornado which ruined our shade trees, but I am glad it was no worse and that our lives were spared.

I have been married nearly eight years, have one sweet little girl, Bebbie, aged three, who is a great comfort. She is such a loving child and already is quite a help to me. As I am a strong advocate of preserving health perhaps these few words of mine may benefit someone. God

# Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halljohn. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne.

Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death, is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl tempts her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, Jealousy, makes life uncomfortable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and tempts her imagination by lies; she sleeps with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disfigured. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madame Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. The Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unsavory. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help save her from her life. Her daughter shall never learn from the lips of her Mount Severn. Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cannery. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives. He goes to Arleigh Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half-brother of Lady Isabel.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhauls the woman's refusal to recognize her.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dallynny, attend the opera. In La Sylphine Lady Rosamond recognizes Afy Halljohn, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dallynny's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fete leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The lost link is found.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and he promises pride shall never come between them. Lady Isabel promises with Lionel's mother for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear. Mr. Carlyle resigns the need of the engagement. Shall he be his daughter of the mother's choice? Rosamond begs him to keep the secret and that night the engagement is announced. Lady Rosamond steps from the crowded room and going to the garden meets Pierre Bloushar and Afy Halljohn. They proceed to East Lynne. Lady Rosamond receives a letter from Pierre Bloushar. He finds the grave marked "I. V." The Lady Isabel Carlyle's grave is empty. She carries the letter to Annette Varnelli.

Lord Beresford invites the bridal party to the Towers in time to say "Merry Christmas," and make a week of general jollification. The last night of the old year comes and when Lionel bids Isabel good night the wonders how there can be sin and sorrow and suffering in a world where Lionel Beresford lives.

A cross shows on the mere and Mrs. Fleck predicts evil things. The wedding takes place and the tour lasts until May. On their return a grand reception is given. Lady Rosamond receives a note. Unconsciously she drops it. Lady Isabel goes to her room, and as she leaves her husband radiantly happy he never sees her again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRAGEDY BEGINS.

S He turned with that bright, sweet smile my lord was nevermore to see, and flinging him back a silvery laugh, fitted up the staircase and so passed out of sight.

He could hear her trilling the quaint little love song she sang the night they met on the moonlit waters of the Channel, and folding his arms on the carven newel, he bent forward and listened to her happy voice fading away and down the expanse of the upper corridor—sweet and silvery to the last faint note—and he was quietly drifting off into a delicious reverie, when something floated up to him, all turquois satin and starry diamond and her Grace the Duchess of Arleigh tapped his shoulder with the jeweled sticks of her fan.

"What's this dull town to me? Robin's not here!" she quoted, laughingly. "Pray, my lord, have you lost your last friend that you stand here like patience on a monument? Do you know I have been searching the rooms through in search of you?"

My lord glanced up with a bright smile. "May I ask what I have done to merit the honor?" he asked lightly. "Her Grace of Arleigh is more sought than seeking, I fancied."

"Bien! Whoever can get the better of you 'male creatures'?" laughingly responded her Grace. "What is that Cowper says about 'Trust not the tongue whose honey's e'er ready?' Flat-terer! I have come for deeds not words. Lady Fanny Gabble tells me you have a night-blooming cereus in flower in the forcing house, and I am the envoy of at least fifty who would like to have you tear yourself away from 'twinkling lights and laughing faces' and unfold the wonder. Her ladyship learned of it through the gardener. He says you removed it from the conservatory for

fear of accident in tonight's crush, and then, uncharitably, forbade it to be publicly exposed."

"The flower is choice," explained my lord, "and it bloomed tonight for the first time in all the years it has been at Ravenswood. I did not mean to conceal it—rather to save it, that it might be seen in all its wonder and beauty. The forcing-house is open to any and all, and, if you will accept my arm, your grace, I should be pleased to show you the flower."

Her grace flitted back her point-lace fan and slipped her sparkling hand through his arm.

"Lead me—I follow," she quoted, in a sepulchral voice, and then, breaking into a faint, silvery laugh, she glided down under the twinkling lamps, nodded to Lady Fanny Gabble (who arose gorgeous in ruby plush and diamonds, and signaled her little coterie of admirers to follow her), and leaning on my lord's arm, the center of the laughing brilliant throng, went out on the terrace, down the steps and through the flashing lamps to the doors of the forcing-house.

Meanwhile, Lady Isabel, radiant with beauty, glorious with happiness, flitted down the dazzling corridor and hastened to her boudoir.

Joyce would know where to find another fan immediately, she thought—Joyce was always so systematic she could lay her hand on anything the moment it was needed.

She pushed the door open and passed lightly in. The gas-jets shining through globes of pearl, filled the rose-satin bower with softest light, the wind drifting over vases of violets and mignonette loaded it with incense, but—Joyce was not there.

My lady passed on into the little turquoise parlor, lifted the portiere and entered the amber and gold bedchamber, still ceiling and still receiving no response.

"She must be below with the servants," she murmured. "How provoking! when Lionel is waiting, and—"

The sentence was never finished.

A rustling sound attracted her attention; she

such bitter scorn? Has—has anything happened to change your love for a derisive laugh?

"Nothing has changed my feelings," she said coolly. "They are now as they ever have been—passions of the deepest hate."

"Rosamond!"

"Don't look so shocked, my love. Sooner or later you would learn the truth. The mask is off now, and you understand at last that the pretty semblance of love was only an empty sham—a wicked farce played before the tragedy began. It has begun at last. The paper which lies before you is a full and free expose of the Lady Isabel Vane's life, and with it a brief note from one who waits even now at the bottom of the Oak Walk, to exchange a word of confidence with the Earl of Beresford's bride. Read it and tell my lord if you like the shameful story it unfolds."

A low, soft, rippling laugh, a flash of diamonds, a breath of perfume—sweet, subtle, permeating—then the portiere is lifted again, the figure in trailing violet satin glides over the threshold, and Isabel, Countess of Beresford, stands still—rigid—alone.

It dawns upon her suddenly that she has been warming a beautiful poisonous serpent in her bosom—somehow, the presence of pain tells her that love's pleasant ways are over and all that is bright and beautiful in her life has gone out forever into an irreclaimable past—but she does not cry out, she does not move from where my lady left her standing, breathless and erect under the shining lights.

She stands and waits until the closing door tells her that the traitress is gone; the tinkling music floating up to her ears, the gaslight shining down on the rich dusk face that was to wear its old glad look no more in this life.

"Do not seek to deceive me further, papa," she said plaintively. "Even though my mother lay dead in her lonely grave, and the child had expired when it drew its first breath, the shame would still exist, and the thought of it would kill me by inches. You cannot save me by further deception. My life has been lived and ended. I shall die in this atonement."

She lifted her face and a light which was like to the glory of another world came into her upturned eyes.

"You cannot deceive me, papa," she rejoined.

"My mother and Sir Francis Levison's child are living, and they have sent for me tonight."

He started from his seat with a gasping cry—

"Just heaven, has the shock of this turned your brain?" he broke out in a dull, labored voice.

"Living?—those two? Oh! no, no, no!

It is false, Isabel—I call God to witness it.

Your mother is dead and moldering in her grave.

The Lady Isabel Carlyle lies in the churchyard at East Lynne under the stone marked "I. V."

I solemnly swear it on my soul and honor."

He lifted his hand as he spoke and held it above his head.

"It is false, my child," he groaned. "As God hears me, I swear to you your mother is dead."

"And I swear to you, that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living and at Ravenswood Court tonight."

It was not Isabel who spoke. The voice had come floating in with a malicious laugh, from the little turquoise parlor behind him, and, as he swung around with a smothered cry, a starry hand put back the silken portiere, and my Lady Rosamond Mount Severn stood revealed.

"Pray do not look so unutterably shocked!" she said, with a wicked little laugh. "Isabel and I understand each other at last." The pretty mask is laid aside forever; she knows and realizes what she has expect from my hands, as you may know and realize now and forever after, and I have the honor to proclaim to you, as I have proclaimed to the Lady Isabel Beresford in that interesting life history lying at your feet; the Lady Isabel Carlyle, your discarded wife, her dishonored mother, lives and is here. I have seen her not an instant since."

My lady took a step forward and faced him in the shining lights.

"Dazzled dupe! do you comprehend me at last?" she said, with a laugh of awful triumph.

"Yes, I am a foe—a bitter, relentless, implacable foe to you and her, and you may know it now. From the hour I crossed the threshold of Leith Abbey, ay from the hour my father's death set me free from my living tomb at Carnarvon—I have known but one purpose. Misery to her—misery and shame and awful degradation to the child of the woman who spoiled my mother's life, and robbed her of the world she loved. Day by day and hour by hour I have plotted it, and lo! the end is gained—I have my revenge at last."

The sneering, malicious voice ended in a ripple of silvery laughter, he staggered from her blindly, put out both hands as though to ward off a blow, and so leaned against the wall and looked at her in dumb horror.

He did not speak—he could not speak—there was that in heart and brain and throat, which froze the passage of his voice, and made his senses reel.

"Yes, I have foiled you to the top of your bent, my friend!" my lady went on; "I have twisted the clever lawyer around my fingers as easily as I would have twisted the veriest fool alive, and I have gulled him with lies a child might have seen through. If you think the rubbish I told you about my mother is true, then banish the thought forever. The story of the drunken orgies which ended in paralysis, was an empty sham. You forbade your daughter to look upon Emma Mount Severn's face, you warned her to fly from any house that sheltered her, and yet my friend, you have dwelt beneath the same roof with her and never suspected it. Would you know how I have accomplished this? She has been my tire-woman. The old Spaniard, whose taste for costuming you believed my only reason for keeping her, is my mother, Archibald Carlyle—Annette Varnelli and the Lady Emma Mount Severn are one and the same woman."

"We set our hearts on avenging our wrongs, my friend. I have already declared to you that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living, and I now reiterate my words. When she returned to you under the pseudonym of Madame Vine, she came with the hope of winning your pity and love, and gaining your consent to the life-long guardian-ship of her children. In the knowledge of this, her hope and love died a sudden death, and when little Willie expired in her arms, she was so crazed with grief that she no longer scrupled to reveal herself. She knew that there was neither hope nor love for her in this world, and recklessly abandoned herself to her fate. She died, then, you say. Nay! she feigned death, rather, intrusting the secret to one who knew her on the Continent and who even then overlooked the welfare of Sir Francis Levison's child. He came to her assistance this new light-o-love, and when the coffin containing all that was mortal of Madame Vine was closed and left for the funeral in the morning, he broke into the house, removed the body, and the casket you and the Earl of Mount Severn saw interred in the East Lynne churchyard on the following day contained nothing but earth thrown in to give it weight. That you would scarcely believe anything so wild and absurd as this may seem to be, I have already foreseen, I have laid my plans well enough to give you proof. The Rev. Jedediah Cloat is the pastor of the East Lynne chapel, and your fast friend. You will know his handwriting I am sure and even should you doubt you may communicate in person with him and learn the authenticity of what I mean to show you."

"Two weeks ago I wrote to the Reverend Mr. Cloat, telling him that you had had a singular dream relative to the grave marked 'I. V.' in the East Lynne churchyard. You had dreamed I wrote, that it contained an empty coffin, and so strong a hold had the dream taken upon you, that you desired that he would have the grave opened at once and report to you the issue. Here is his reply. Will you care to read it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT's subscription renewal, and read the next chapter, when Lady Beresford asks for nothing, wants nothing but death.



"I KNOW IT ALL—THE DISHONOR I HAVE BROUGHT INTO LIONEL BERESFORD'S LIFE."

turned with mild surprise and beheld Lady Rosamond Mount Severn lifting the portiere and gliding towards her with a sealed packet in her jeweled hand.

"Oh, how opportune, Rosa, darling," she said, sweetly. "I cannot find Joyce and I have broken my fan. Have you one you could—"

She stopped abruptly and the sunny smile faded out of her face, nevermore to return! Lady Rosamond was looking at her with a steady glare in her *lapis lazuli* eyes, a white malice frozen over her delicate blonde mask.

Lady Isabel moved forward with a faint breath of alarm.

"What is it, Rosa, dear?" she murmured with a shiver. "You look so wild and fierce now! terrify me. Has anything happened, dear? Are you ill?"

My lady lifted her sparkling hand and extended the sealed packet.

"Take it," she said in an ice-cold voice. "You will find it delectable reading—quite as romantic and sensational as a novel by Belot or Dumas. I have spent days in preparing it. I have gathered facts from every source—even from the heroine's own lips—and it is a history the high and noble Countess of Beresford may well be proud to learn. Take it and read it, and then give it to my lord, the earl, if you think proper. Doubtless he will like to publish the story and put it before the eyes of the world."

The cold, steely voice ended in a ripple of derisive laughter. My lady tossed the packet on the dainty dressing-table beside her kinswoman and shrugged her shoulders in ineffectual scorn.

A deathly faintness crept over Lady Isabel, a marble whiteness drifted into lips and neck and cheek, a terrible, soul-sickening suspicion of danger dawned upon her—she reeled a little, clutched at her diamond-circled throat with two trembling, starry hands, and then lifted her wide dark eyes with the look of a wounded deer.

"What is it, Rosamond?" she gasped in a smothered voice. "What change has come over you, dear? Why do you act and speak with

such bitter scorn? Has—has anything happened to change your love for a derisive laugh?

"My lady ripples out a derisive laugh.

"Nothing has changed my feelings," she said coolly. "They are now as they ever have been—passions of the deepest hate."

"Rosamond!"

"Don't look so shocked, my love. Sooner or later you would learn the truth. The mask is off now, and you understand at last that the pretty semblance of love was only an empty sham—a wicked farce played before the tragedy began. It has begun at last. The paper which lies before you is a full and free expose of the Lady Isabel Vane's life, and with it a brief note from one who waits even now at the bottom of the Oak Walk, to exchange a word of confidence with the Earl of Beresford's bride. Read it and tell my lord if



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

### CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**H**URRAH! hurroo! hurrah! COMFORT is twenty-one years old today! Let me reach out my arms and shake hands with every one of you, then gather you all into my lap and give you a great bear hug. This is a glorious occasion, the most important that has ever happened in the annals of this glorious country. The coming of age of COMFORT throws into the shade all such incidents as the landing of Columbus, the Declaration of Independence, Gettysburg, Manila Bay, and other trifling occurrences. Nearly all these incidents sprung out of our ability to fight, and fight victoriously. COMFORT's anniversary marks the success that comes to those who work nobly and work well, and I want to tell you boys and girls that honest effort and noble work beat fighting all hollow, even if that fighting was made necessary by circumstances over which we had no control. There is more glory in peace than in war.

For twenty-one years, COMFORT has been doing its good work, honestly, sincerely and conscientiously. It built its foundation in the hearts of the people, and those hearts are still true to it, still swear by it, still love it. When it first began, it was but a little sheet, the tiny seed from which has grown the mighty oak, under which we live in contentment and brotherly love. I want to tell you that my heart goes out to you today with great tenderness and a great love.

It was in March, 1903, that we first started COMFORT's League of Cousins—that is just five years and eight months ago, so for practically a quarter of COMFORT's existence the C. L. O. C. has been flourishing, a glorious branch of the proud parent tree we all love.

Now permit me to be a little personal. My connection with COMFORT began about six months before the birth of the League, when I chloroformed Mr. Gannett, and while he was lying senseless and speechless, made him write me a check for \$20.00 for two poems, a cruel act, of which I am still heartily ashamed. Later on I suggested to Mr. Gannett, that COMFORT was not complete without a department for young people. He was kind enough to agree with me, and the C. L. O. C. was the result. Like all mighty things the C. L. O. C. grew slowly at first, but as soon as it got root, it shot up, and developed with tremendous speed, and the reason is not far to seek. The League was founded on good Christian principles. It gave the one strong human touch to COMFORT that was needed to make it a perfect magazine, brought you all together and made you acquainted, and it gave our mighty family a chance to do something worth while. No organization can exist without a purpose. Our purpose has been to do good, spread the Golden Rule o'er the earth, and lighten the load of suffering, and to make this world a little more like what God intended it to be, and to make Christ's teachings the practice of our daily lives. Dear Cousins, dear brothers and sisters, young, middle aged and old, once more let me shake hands with you, and assure you of my love and affection on this glorious twenty-first anniversary of the magazine that has made the C. L. O. C. possible. I am writing you with a full heart, for I feel deeply the significance of this great event, and thank God I have been spared to see it. I have tried from the very first to keep the C. L. O. C. on a high plane. Mr. Gannett has let me run this department just exactly as I pleased, and its success shows the wisdom of his decision. I am throwing no bouquets at myself, but I have discovered that it is very hard to interest the world in good deeds. Directly you start to preach, people begin to get fidgety and finally turn aside and leave you alone. I saw that my only way to make the League a success was to give you a rollicking good time, fill the space allotted me with as much sunshine and laughter as possible. Now there is a very thin veil between laughter and tears, and I knew if I kept you laughing, the homely truths I have always tried to bring home to you, and which under ordinary circumstances you would reject and pay no attention to would go straight to your hearts, and bring forth those good deeds which are recorded to your credit not only in the annals of the League but in the great Book of Eternity. I have coated the pills of Truth and Love with the sugar of laughter, and you have swallowed them to your everlasting good. When I good naturally have a little fun with your mistakes in spelling and punctuation I am doing that to help you for your own good, for your education. Hundreds have thanked me for making these comical comments on the errors of their letters, as these comments have enabled them to greatly improve their English and spelling. If you do not benefit by them it is your own fault. Now, my dears, I will once more say God bless you, and may we all live together in love, peace, amity and friendship for another twenty-one years, ever striving to live right and do right, spreading sunshine, happiness and love about us until this world becomes what it should be, a very heaven below, and a foretaste of Paradise above.

This is the last month but one of the year, and the time that most of you are renewing your subscriptions. Every month, even if the subject does get a little monotonous to the indifferent and cold hearted, still everyone worthy of the name of a human and a Christian, must be reminded that the great work of this League is to brighten the lives of the shut-ins, the helpless sick, the country o'er. For every thousand new members that come into this League a wheel chair is given to some needy soul. This fact you know, but if I cease to remind you of it, a half of you would forget it. So remember every new member you bring into this League counts one towards a wheel chair. Don't let us be content to win one chair a month; during this busy subscribing season, we ought to win ten or twenty. Every member of COMFORT's family can join this League by adding five cents to his or her subscription. Now remember, boys and girls pull together, a long pull and a strong pull, so that by Christmas time the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child, we may have fifty thousand members in this League. We were to have had them by the first of November, but we are still nearly twenty thousand short of that number.

I know you are all planning to give a nice little Christmas present. The mother wants something nice for John and Mary, husband wants a present for wife, and wife for husband; Jack is thinking of an ideal gift for Sweetheart Nell, Nell for Jack. Well, I do not need to tell you that the best Christmas gift in creation is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems which you can obtain by getting five subscriptions to COMFORT. As a little extra inducement for you to work for this premium, and secure the five subs and the loveliest 160-page gift book in the world, full of laughter and fun, an exquisitely bound volume, worth a dollar in any store, I am going to en-

allotted all his lands. The Indian agency at Muskogee is finishing now the allotment of lands to all the Indians of the Five Tribes. When this is done there will be millions of acres of mineral lands and millions of acres of unallotted lands that will be sold. Now, Uncle Charlie's cousins, I am not a full-blood. Has it crossed your mind? My mother is Texan and a graduate of the Sam Houston Normal School of Texas. She came to the Chickasaw Nation to teach in our academies. My father met her and they were married. My grandfather and my father are full-bloods. What do you think of his picture—and mine? We do not dress this way every day. We dress like the white people except when we have our picture made, or when there are big gatherings of us Indians—"big doings".

My grandfather was once a great warrior. The war bonnet he has on and the buckskin suit he is wearing, he has carefully preserved. He was what the white people call a soldier of fortune—fought in many wars besides those of his own tribe. Whenever there was war there he wished to be, and he does yet, though he is very old. He is ninety-six. He has many curious things captured in the wars, which he is carefully preserving. Among them are many scalps of white people. The United States is going to build a great museum in the Platt National Park at Sulphur in which to gather and preserve everything of human interest concerning the entire southwest. My grandfather and all other Indians who have valuable relics of the past have agreed to place them in the museum for the benefit of future generations.

I have three brothers. One is in the Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania. My oldest brother, like my grandfather, loves war and is a warrior. He is an officer in the United States army in the Philippines. My oldest brother lives near us on his allotment. He, like my father, married a white woman, daughter of a big Texas cow man who came up into our nation with his great herds of cattle. This brother of mine, like my father, loves farming and stock raising. He lives near us on his allotment. But he has bought much other land and has many fine farms besides his big ranch. He has over fifty white tenants who raise fine crops of wheat, oats, corn, cotton, fruits, berries, honey, etc.

This is a fine alfalfa country, and our climate is said to be the best in the world for raising fine stock and poultry. All kinds of fine stock and chickens grow to an ideal perfection.

Each Chickasaw gets \$1,041.28 worth of land. Our lands are valued at from twenty-five cents to six dollars and fifty cents per acre for allotting purposes. So the number of acres each Indian has depends on whether he has allotted agricultural land, grazing land or mountain land, or some of all.

We allotted our lands near Sulphur where Platt National Park is and in which are many mineral springs. Within the past three years the white people have built a city on the north side of the National Park. Because so many people come to spend their vacations in the pretty park and to drink the mineral waters and take the baths, the white people have built many fine hotels—big buildings like you have in Augusta and in other towns down east. And we have in Sulphur a good home market for all the fruits, berries, chickens, eggs, etc., raised on our allotments. The white people who have bought up much of the land around Sulphur are setting hundreds of acres in orchards. This is inducing many of the Indians to turn their attention to fruit raising. The profits are so great. My guardian—all Indian children must have guardians, and the courts appoint white

tense pleasure to me. I am exceedingly glad to find the Redmen are progressing so splendidly. I have always greatly admired some of the Indian tribes. Their fearless bravery, and passionate love of liberty and the country over which they roamed appealed to me strongly. Some Indian chiefs have been really great men, men possessed of noble qualities, and who kept their word and regarded the sacredness of an oath who far more sincerely and exactness than the white man. Then too, I am not oblivious of the fact that my fond parents once looked me in the eyes long ago and said: "As sure as Heaven is above that kid is the darndest Indian that ever breathed" and I may say in confidence that the majority of my friends still regard me as such. The only trouble is Oleta, that you are a rich Indian, and I a poor one. You have lands, horses, crops, cattle and much wampum—I have a chicken coop, ink bottle, one hair, three cents, and dyspepsia of the overshoes. From the illuminating comparison you will readily see how infinitely superior you are in worldly goods to your pale-faced Uncle Charlie (Toby says if you saw the strawberries on my trumpet you'd never call me a pale face. Ain't he mean?) Oleta, I will say this much, no better typed, neatly written, well-constructed letter ever reached me, than yours. It puts the epistolary attempts of your pale-faced brother clean on the hog. I only wish I could pass it around for the cousins to see and wonder at. That business college you attend deserves a whole tank full of medals and I honestly and sincerely mean it. The only thing is, I am of the opinion that Mamma had a slight hand in it—it's so transcendently good. The pictures are lovely. You are a beauty, Oleta, and I award you the beauty prize for this month, and I am mailing you an autographed copy of my poems. I'd award your grand pop a beauty prize too—but I fear if I did he'd dig his scolding irons in my bald spot before I could say scat. I showed Billy the Goat, Grandpop's picture in all his war paint, and he beat it to the woods and I have not seen him since for a week. He is afraid Grandpop might scalp his appetite and then he wouldn't be able to chew up the cousins' letters. Oleta, accept my fondest love, you are nobly doing your part in leading a once savage race up to the highest planes of civilization. Soon the Red and White man will be equal, mentally, morally and spiritually, and the Great Spirit will look down and say, "These are my beloved children in whom I am well pleased."

WHITESBURG, TENN., March 4, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I was seventeen the 29th of last July, am five feet, seven inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have bluish gray eyes, light brown hair, and a fair complexion. Uncle, don't you think you have a pretty niece? I live in the eastern part of "Sunny Tenn," three miles from the nearest railway station, which is Whitesburg, one mile from the nearest store and school, which is in a little village by the name of Three Springs. It took the name from a small summer resort near it. Uncle, we have lots of beautiful scenery here. Come out and I will drive you around. We can see the Blue Ridge mountains, also the Smoky mountains from a hill just above our home. Uncle Charlie I have read your book of poems. I want to thank you for all those beautiful and funny verses.

"The Christmas of '92" is my favorite. I read it in a magazine in 1904 and fell deeply in love with it then, but the more I read it the better I like and understand it.

Uncle don't you believe in mothers and daughters being chums? I do and my own mother is my friend, chum and confidant. I share all my secrets with her. There is not anything that I keep from her. We can never have but one mother and we should love and care for her while we have her with us. We know according to nature she cannot be with us forever. I would like to hear what some of the rest of the cousins have to say in regard to this. Uncle I guess you have a grownberry trying to read my poor little letter, so I had better clear the way for someone more gifted. I would like to be from some of the cousins, and will try to answer all letters, also would like to exchange cards with them. Your loving niece,

INA V. CREEK.

Yes, Ina, I think I have a very pretty niece. Glad you liked "The Christmas of Ninety-two." That little poem is founded upon an incident in my life, and it is all true except the happy ending. Yes, I do believe in mother and daughter being chums. It breaks my heart to see parents and children drifting apart. They should drift together, for in union there is strength and happiness. Mother is not with you for long. She is the dearest and most precious possession you have, or will ever have in the world, and when she is gone there will be a void in your heart and life that will never be filled. If I concentrate my thoughts on my mother for a very few seconds, the tears are in my eyes, and there is a lump in my throat. It is the same with most of us if we are real humans. Kiss your mother in the morning and at night, and whenever you are near her, slip your arm around her waist, and put your cheek against hers two or three times during the day, and ask her if she does not feel tired and would like to take a rest. Remember she has not your youth and strength and ere the day is half done, there is a tired look in her eyes that tells of the weariness of her body and her longing for rest. She toils and works and plans for you from the cradle to the grave—that is mother. Do not weary her or cause her any unnecessary trouble. As she tells you, she knows best, for she has been a headstrong girl like yourself. She knows the temptations and the dangers that beset you, and which you cannot see. You think her old fashioned and foolish. Your daughter will think the same of you if you have one, but she is not old fashioned nor foolish; it is you that are foolish, headstrong and inexperienced, and only when you have disregarded her, and gotten your life wrecked as a result of your folly and the disregard of her pleadings, then you come back to her broken in heart and spirit, and lay your head on her breast, and say: "Mother you knew best, you were right." Be chums with mother. Do nothing without her advice, make her your big sister, and life for you and for her will be one of happiness, and when she is gone there will be no regrets to bring the tears to your eyes and the remorse to your heart.

DENT, MINN., July 24th, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am a newcomer just come to join the merry band of cousins. I hope there is just a little room on your knee uncle.

I am twelve years old and have medium light hair, and am about five feet, six inches in height.

We have two horses, three cows, three calves, one big dog, two pigs and some geese, turkeys and chickens. Papa always milks the cows as we have only two head.

Won't you come and visit me uncle? I will show you all over our place and you and I will go fishing. Won't that be dandy fun? I will try to start a "Sunshine Club," if possible. How I do pity the shut-ins. Don't you think uncle it would be better if wealthy people would try to think less about fine clothes, etc., and more about the poor? I do for one. We have a fine new schoolhouse which I attend.

We have an organ, but I don't play on it. I sometimes try to play on the organ stool. Do you like flowers? I just love them. (Nearly as much as I love you uncle.)

By the way, don't you get rather tired of reading all our letters? I should think you would get Billy to help you. I will exchange postals with the cousins if they will.

Well, by by, cousins, lots of love to you all and a big kiss for Uncle Charlie. Lovingly yours,

ALPHA S. VOGEL.

I am always glad to hear from you little girls, and your letter Alpha is exceptionally well written. I don't think there is a single error of spelling in the whole epistle, and the writing is beautiful. I would love to visit you, but I am not much in the fishing business. Every time I tried to go fishing, the fish jumped out on the bank, grabbed me by the neck, and threw me in the river. You say papa milks the cows, as you have only two head. I should like to see papa milking a cow's head. I always thought cows were milked the other end. I remember years ago we had a hired girl in our family, she was the most destructive piece that ever lived. She broke everything that was breakable. One day

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



hold their war dances. I am a Chickasaw. The Chickasaws have always been civilized and a ruling tribe. We are the equals of anybody and are so regarded by the white man. We are especially so regarded by the white people who are now moving in great numbers into our rich and beautiful country to rent, lease and buy our lands. Many years ago the great men of our tribe foresaw that the United States would force the Five Civilized Tribes to give up their tribal forms of government and compel us to become citizens of the greater republic. They knew that with the passing of our tribal government the white people would swarm into our nation and seek to possess themselves of our best lands. At a great council of our Chiefs they determined to build boarding schools, which they called academies, in which to train the Chickasaw children for the event. For years the children of our nation have been gathered into these great schools and kept as much as possible from our parents. This is especially true of the full-blood children. The teaching of the Indian languages, customs and ways in the academies was forbidden. Only white teachers were employed, and we were taught only the white people's language and the white people's ways so that we would be fitted for companionship with white people and for intermarriage with them. Our academies are still running, but the constitution of our new state provides that we Indian children may attend the white schools of the state, and many of us are doing so. Everything has come to happen just as our great chiefs foresaw. Our tribal government has been taken from us, and we have been forced into the citizenship of the United States and have been made citizens of Oklahoma.

The younger generation of us Chickasaws are well educated. Better educated, in fact, than many of the white people who are settling among us. And we like the white people's ways. The wide-awake young white men and women who are coming into our country on account of its unusual opportunities find us interesting. The little Indian cupids almost always shoot their arrows straight. Many Chickasaw maidens are marrying the scientifically educated young white men who are flocking into our country from agricultural and mechanical colleges. The Federal superintendents of schools in our nation is finding it difficult to keep teachers for the schools, because so many of the young white women who come here to teach marry our brothers.

Within a short time each Indian will have been

guardians usually—has leased my allotment to a fruit raiser from Missouri. He is setting a hundred acres of my land in fruits and berries. He has another hundred sown in alfalfa. Cousins, if I were to tell you how many fine hogs he raises in this field of alfalfa and how much hay he cuts from it you would not believe me. He knows so much about fruit raising and general farming. Does everything in a scientific way. Does almost all his work with machinery and quickly, and all the improvements he has put on my lands are better than he contracted to build on them. He has sunk an artesian well and has piped the water into all my lots and fields and pastures and into troughs having float valves. This is such a great convenience where there are so many fields and pastures and pens of stock to be watered.

I graduated last year. I am going to the Sulphur business college now. I find my studies at the business college very interesting. I have always wanted to know all about the business man's ways. I think it awfully nice to know how to do business, and it is such a satisfaction too. I ride from our home three miles in the country to school. I ride astride like the fashionable ladies of Sulphur. Now Uncle and cousins, I must apologize for so long a letter. But the changes that are taking place in the country of the Chickasaws are so great and so marvelous that I could not tell you of them in a shorter letter and make it all clear. Prosperity's romance is here on every hand, and it thrills the Indian the same as it does the white man. The like never before came to happen in all the world. I will write again, cousins, and tell you why if Uncle publishes this letter with the pictures of myself and grandfather.

OLETA LITTLEHEART, Sulphur, Murray county, Okla.

P. S. Now, Uncle Charlie and cousins, if you ever come to Sulphur and the Platt National Park to drink the great "medicine waters" and take the baths and to spend a vacation here where everybody always has the very best time of their lives, let me know of your coming. I'll take you out to my father's wigwam and give you an insight into the charms of life in the romantic Indian Territory section of Oklahoma. By, by, my pale-faced uncle and cousins, I'll correspond with any pale-face who will excuse a typewritten letter. The practice of letter writing on my typewriter is a part of my course at the commercial college.

Oleta, your letter has been a source of in-

# A Fateful Wedding Eve

## or,

# The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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CHAPTER I.  
ON THE CLIFFS.

**M**ONLIGHT! Moonlight in the mighty forests, that wave their sere branches like shadowy arms, beneath the ghostly beams; moonlight over the wide harvest fields, that the busy reapers have left a silvery desert; moonlight over the gray cliffs, that girding the smiling valley, stand like grim chieftains, with their faces towards the foe; moonlight over the sea, that seems to stretch into fathomless infinity.

"Yes," said Aunt Hope Hastings, as she thrust her sharp-featured visage from her cottage window, "it's as bright as day out, and there would be no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village. That pesky Tom Burk didn't give enough sugar by a pound. You bean't afraid to slip down the cliff and get the extra pound so I can finish putting up these quinces, be you Carlyn?"

Carlyn lifted her soft brown eyes from the preserving kettle, and the moonlight streaming through the little window, made a pretty picture of this cottage maid, with her long wavy hair bound back by a bright ribbon, her glowing cheeks shaded by gold-brown lashes, and her eyes shining like diamonds.

"I am not afraid, Aunt Hope," she replied, "but I will take Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely at night."

"Ef you stop to moon around them, I suppose they are," said Aunt Hope, severely. "Now do you know for what you are going, Carlyn, for you have got your eyes rolling around earth and sea, as if common earth wasn't good enough for you?"

"I was only looking at the beautiful moonlight, Aunt Hope," she answered, softly. "See what a bright path it seems to make on the waters! One might fancy it the way to Paradise."

"Fool's paradise!" said Aunt Hope, gruffly. "Ef you'd think a little more of the way to the skies and a little less of the way over the sea, it would be better for you—and for your father before you. Air you going for that sugar, Carlyn, or air you not?"

"Going, auntie, at once! Come Duke," replied Carlyn, with a low laugh.

"Don't forget your errand," called Aunt Hope, shrilly, after her. "Sakes alive! Carlyn is just like her mother, her head was alays full of rhymes and nonsense, she was always making rainbows out of soapsuds, and then a-trying to catch them. Them air books, what good will they do her? If they were the Almanac or Watts' Hymns, there might be some sense; but poetry, and poetry that don't even jingle! But they were her father's books, and I hadn't the right to keep her from them."

The minutes went by—the tall old clock in the corner ticking them down relentlessly. Aunt Hope pushed her sweetmeats to the back of the stove, and looked anxiously from the window.

"Fifteen minutes and Carlyn not in sight yet! I'll lay my head to a pumpkin that she's a mooning down there on the sands, and has clear forgotten whar she is and what's she's about. God bless my soul! what's that?"

For the pure white atmosphere seemed suddenly dyed with blood, so vivid was the crimson light, that flashed for a moment before Aunt Hope's astonished eyes, and then vanished into nothingness again.

"It's only a signal light," said the old woman, reassuringly. "Yet it's been a monstrous long time since there was any thrown from these cliffs, I haven't seen one before since—since—"

the hard lines of the mouth quivered anxiously.

"What a fool's errand to send that child at such a time of night as this. Where can she be? Carlyn! Carlyn!"

And going to the door, Aunt Hope called again and again.

"Deuce take the old screechowl!" muttered a voice almost in her ear. "Can't you be quiet old woman? You'd scare off the Flying Dutchman himself!"

"Who are you, and what is your business?" said Aunt Hope, turning fiercely upon the intruder, a tall, young man, who with a lantern hidden under his wide cape, was leaning composedly upon one of the pillars of her gate.

"My business is not to harm you, at any rate," was the good-humored reply. "I'm here to do the State and you both a good service. King Carl is off the coast, and we're watching for mischief."

Aunt Hope grasped the light railing by which she stood as if she needed its support.

"King Carl!" she gasped, hoarsely. "King Carl!"

"Him or his ghost," was the light reply. "I don't know what brings him back to his old coasting grounds, but I do know there's a chance to make a cool thousand if we could catch him at his old trade, and that's what we are watching for. I say, old woman, what's the matter with that dog of yours? Ain't he acting kind of cur'ous?"

"Down, Duke, down!" said Aunt Hope, in a voice that she vainly strove to steady, for her stout old heart grew faint within her, as Carlyn's companion leaped upon her, whining pitifully, and strivings, so it seemed, to make her follow him.

What had happened? Where was the tender child whom she had unwittingly sent forth upon a shore perhaps even now infested with lawless men?

She must go search for her—she must follow Duke—and yet a thought sprang into the woman's mind that paralyzed her movements.

With a glance of dread and doubt at the keen-eyed stranger at her gate, Aunt Hope shrank back into the house, and while Duke whined pitifully at the doorway, she waited, in all the sickening horror of suspense, until she might dare to go.

In the mean time, Carlyn, heedless of danger, had sped lightly on her errand. A narrow, precipitous path led from the cliff on which the old maid's cottage was perched, like the nest of some marine bird, to the sands below. As she reached the base of the rocky pathway, Carlyn paused, for at that moment, the red light that so paralyzed Aunt Hope, burst over the cliff and by its fierce glare, Carlyn saw that she was not alone.

A tall, powerful man, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, a slouched hat drawn low upon his brows, stood in the shadow of the rocks, at her very side. Though the agony of fright restrained her as no other consideration could have done, she was actually unable to speak or move.

No cry escaped her pale lips, even when she felt a strong hand laid upon her shoulder, and heard a hoarse voice whisper:

"Speak! Are you woman or spirit? Have you come to warn me of my death hour? Bah! your toils are not around me yet. I defy them still! But you are trembling like an aspen, the dead cannot know such fear, in the name of heaven, who are you, girl?"

He could say no more, for, with a low growl Duke was at his throat.

Carlyn heard the strange, muttered oath, that sprang from the intruder's lips; she saw a flash of steel in the darkness, and sprang forward, bravely forgetful of all things but her faithful defender's peril.

"Duke, my own Duke! You shall not harm him! Down, Duke, down, down!"

And flinging her arms around the mastiff's neck, she caught the stroke of the keen blade in her own fair flesh.

The warm young blood gushed forth, over the animal's shaggy hair, and Duke, saved from his death blow, crouched whining at his mistress's feet.

"My God! Are you mad, girl to fling yourself beneath my steel? You are hurt, you are bleeding!"

A terrible oath leaped through the stranger's clenched lips, as Carlyn sank helplessly upon the sands.

Faint with terror, pain, and loss of blood, the wounded girl could only whisper:

"Aunt Hope—oh, take me to Aunt Hope!" and then swooned away to happy unconsciousness.

"Aunt—Aunt Hope—Aunt! God in heaven!" mutt ed the man, "What have I done?"

And lifting the prostrate form in his arms, he sprang forward into the clear moonlight, regar dless of all consequences.

As he gazed upon the sweet young face lying on his breast, he whispered, "It is her face, her hair! And I—I! Is this the rse she warned me would fall? Am I her murderer?"

He laid his helpless burden on the sands, and bent to feel her pulse—to count her heart-beats;

with a skillful hand, that had a tender touch.

"It is but a flesh wound," he whispered. "She is only weak from the loss of blood. Poor little dove! She winces, I must be gentle. There, that will do. She seems to grow easier; there is a faint flush on her cheek. Great heaven! she will be terrified to death if she recovers and finds herself here, and with me."

The thought seemed full of a strange, sad bitterness to him, and yet he dwelt upon it mor bly.

"Ah, yes, she would shrink from me in terror: I am a monster to her—a monster of horror and iniquity—and I—I—" his voice broke, "Oh, God! What would I give for the clasp of those snowy arms upon my neck, the pressure of those sweet lips upon my cheek, the pure, trusting love that I can never dare to claim? Carlyn! Carlyn! sweet bud of my broken flower! Carlyn, my child! This once, if never again, I can hold you to my heart! I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips. I can call you all before God and my lonely heart, my own! my own!"

And the strong man's breast shook with sobs as he clasped the unconscious girl in his arms and showered passionate kisses upon the lip, the cheek and brow; then bowing his proud head in his hands, the dread King Carl wept like a child.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was still early autumn, yet a bright fire blazed in the cheerful little parlor of the village inn. It was not often that thrifty Dame Trott, bent

when? You are uttering foolish, idle words. "Yes, I saw him, I couldn't be mistaken, and the poor darlin that he was carrying off wid him. May heaven have mercy on her, though she was dead with fright then!"

"What! a woman? Was this wretch carrying off a woman?" cried the young officer. "And you old not attempt to stop him? Coward! Worse than coward!"

"Put me agin a man, sir, and thry me! Shure, sir, if he were not more than a man, how could he snatch that poor darlin from her own little home on the cliff, with Jim Jones a-standing, as ye sint himself, at her very door? How could he get off poor little Carlyn Durham?"

The flushed and glowing countenance of Jack Devere grew suddenly white and rigid, as though struck by death.

"Speak!" he said, in a hoarse voice. "Did you say Carlyn Durham? Carlyn Durham, that mountain snowdrop, in the grasp of—of—great heavens! Unsay your words; you were mad, drunk, dreaming! Not Carlyn Durham?"

"There ain't so many pretty girls on the hill-side that I could mistake the niece of old Hope Hastings. I saw her face as plain as I do yours."

"And you never raised voice to save her? Burns, if harm comes to that girl, from your foul cowardice, neither God nor man shall save you from my vengeance. Come, you can at least show me where the villain disappeared with his prey!"

"Shure and—and Captain, darlin, think a bit!" remonstrated Burns, pitifully, "is it to follow the devil, sir?"

"Yes, to the mouth of Hades, if Carlyn Durham be his victim. I am in a dangerous mood. Show me to the cliff, the shore, at once, wherever it was that you thought you saw her."

He flung on hat and cloak as he spoke, and grasping his silver-mounted pistols, he dashed through the open door, followed by the frightened Burns.

In the mean time Aunt Hope was pacing up and down the sanded floor of her white kitchen, like some wild-caged creature, while the tall clock still ticked away relentlessly. Those minutes seemed like months to poor Aunt Hope. Where was Carlyn? Sby, gentle, soft-eyed Carlyn, whose sweet voice and girlish laugh had been the unconscious music of the old maid's silent life.

Oh, if she only dared to search for her! But Aunt Hope glanced fiercely at the sentinel at her door. She was watched. If she raised the cry for Carlyn, and fled to the beach, they would follow her, and find, not Carlyn, but another—an other, who her trembling heart warned her, might be far from Carlyn's side.

He was near—perhaps even now within range of her eye—near her, yet in deadly peril, with watchful eyes waiting for him, on cliff and shore, and she dare not lift a hand to help him; she could not utter a word of warning.

Had he come to claim his child? The child that he had given her for her own; whose fair young life he had sworn never to darken, whose name to keep forever pure from the reproach that blackened the cognomen of the dread pirate chief.

Oh, no, daring and lawless as were his deeds, Aunt Hope knew that King Carl's honor was stainless, his word a bond; and though Nature's magnetism might draw him to his daughter's side, he would neither claim nor shame her by the knowledge of what and who he was.

Suddenly the old maid paused in her walk, her nerves, stretched to their utmost tension, had caught the faint sound of distant voices and approaching footsteps.

In another moment, young Captain Devere burst into the room, pale and breathless with agitation.

"I knew the fellow must have been lying, Carlyn—Miss Durham is here—is safe? Pardon my abrupt entrance, madam, but—Great God!" he gasped, catching sight of Aunt Hope's face, "she is not here! Where—where is she? Where is Carlyn?"

"I—I do not know!" and the old aunt's voice was hollow, as she vainly tried to conceal the terror that mastered her. "She went to the village an hour ago."

"To the village! And you permitted her to go alone, unprotected when the coast is infested by a band of outlaws who fear neither God nor man? Woman, were you mad?"

He paused for a moment to wipe away the cold beads of perspiration that bedewed his brow, then he sprang to the door again and called out cheerily to the men who were waiting outside:

"Show your colors, boys! Carlyn Durham, who has neither father, brother nor husband to protect her, has fallen into King Carl's hands. We must rescue her or avenge her."

"Aye, aye!" and the deep murmur of assent sounded to Aunt Hope like the knell of fate. "Rescue or vengeance!"

"To the sands, then," rang out the leader's stern, clear tones. "Search each bend, each corner, each shadow of the rocks. Remember the reward, I myself will add five thousand dollars to the price the State places upon the pirate's head. Five thousand dollars for the captor of Carlyn Durham, alive or dead!"

Young Devere set an example of impetuous zeal to his followers, darting down the rugged and precipitous side of the cliff, he was soon out of sight. The white sands silvered by the moonbeams, stretched for miles before him, like a gleaming pathway hemmed in by the rocks and the sea. To his right lay the little village of Milton, slumbering peacefully in the quiet moonlight; to the left, only the long, long stretch of sand, the wilderness of rugged cliffs and jutting rocks—a land of shadow and mystery.

For the cliff shore had for years borne an evil name. Dark stories were whispered around cottage fires of vessels lured to destruction upon its hidden rocks; of ill-gotten treasures hidden away in its concealed caverns; the boldest fisherman would risk a stormy run down to the village beach rather than harbor his frail skiff for a moment in one of the deep, dark inlets that slept untroubled in the embrace of these accursed rocks. Even Jack Devere in his reckless boyhood, had left their stern solitude untroubled though he laughed at the wild legends that peopled them with such nameless terrors.

Yet now, as he stood on the silvery beach, and looked before him at the wild, dark region, he felt for one moment a strange thrill of foreboding, almost of fear. But like the curb on the mettled steed, it only urged him onward. Bound ing like a chamois over the rugged cliffs, his cheery voice awoke the slumbering echoes with a reckless disregard to consequences.

"Carlyn! Carlyn!"

The sweet name that his boyish lips had learned to give his playmate, rang out into the night and cavern, cliff and shore gave back the sound "Carlyn! Carlyn!" in low, mocking chorus.

Maddened by the apparently hopelessness of his pursuit, Devere only pushed forward more impetuously.

Sharp fragments of rocks pierced his boots, and wounded his feet; his breath came in quick gasps, as he labored up the steep ascents or sprang over yawning chasms, yet he felt neither pain nor weariness.

"Carlyn! Carlyn!" That watchword nerved him for all things. Carlyn, pure, gentle, timid Carlyn, whose soft eyes veiled themselves beneath silken lashes at his approach, whose color came and went at his slightest word! Carlyn in the bands of lawless ruffians, in a place like this!

Thin, fleecy clouds had crept up from the horizon, and were veiling the moon, whose light had grown wan and illusive.

Springing forward, with the sweet name again on his lips, Devere lost his footing, the earth seemed to open beneath him, and he fell down—down—he knew not where!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription, and read the next chapter, when a blow struck would be murder not justice.



NO CRY ESCAPED HER LIPS WHEN SHE FELT A STRONG HAND LAID UPON HER SHOULDER.

to listen to her breathing. At that moment another signal light seemed to set shore and sea afame.

He started up like a stag at bay. "Ah, I forget myself," he said, "I forget who and what I am—a man without Nature's ties or tenderness! must be gone—and yet to leave her here, bleeding, perhaps dying! No, a thousand times, no! I must risk a longer stay among these cliffs. I must take her to the caves."

He lifted Carlyn again tenderly, almost reverently, even while a low, mocking laugh echoed from his lips, as the red light again illuminated the shore.

"Fire away!" he said. "You'll only show the fox his burrow—the lion his lair. Though a thousand eyes were searching these cliffs for me, I would defy them all. Fools! to think because I was mad enough to venture on these shores again, they had trapped me at last!"

Even as he spoke he was speeding onward, with Carlyn in his arms, with the light, noiseless and swiftly, cautious steps of one accustomed to hold every faculty in perfect control. At length he reached a point where the line of cliff, receding somewhat from the shore, was overgrown at the base by moss and arcy vines. Here he paused, and parted the curtain of vines that veiled an opening in the rock, and stepped into the cavern of the cliff.

Feeling his way through the utter darkness that completely enveloped him, he laid the still unconscious girl gently upon the ground; then lighted a curious little waxen taper that he took from

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Pop sent her out to milk the cow, and she came back with its tail in her hand. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "where did you get that tail?" She said, "I broke it off when I was milking the cow." Whatever ideas she had in milking cows she evidently did not understand about milking their heads. No, I don't get tired of reading the letters that are sent me Alpha, but I do get tired of thousands of people who write me letters on trifling questions concerning affairs of their own, and demand immediate replies. It is a funny thing, but if people pay twenty cents a year for a fine magazine, and get full value for their money, they think that twenty cents entitles them to possess the publisher and his staff body and soul. Lots of people write and say, "I subscribed for your paper ten years ago for one year, and I think that out of gratitude for that act of generosity, you ought to buy me a house, and provide for me for the rest of my life." People go and blow twenty dollars for a shoddy suit of clothes worth five, and which fails to pieces in three weeks, and they think that is all right, and make no kick. They don't ask the tailor to tension them for life. They do not expect the grocery man to buy them a house and lot, because they paid him twenty cents for a pound of bum coffee, but it is marvellous what people expect from a poor magazine writer. If they send you two cents for a reply, and you don't reply, they call you all the villainous names in creation. A two cent stamp pays only for postage, it does not even pay for stationery, let alone time. Foolish people forget that a man has to live. It takes time to earn a living, and one cannot earn a living, while one is writing letters to everyone in creation. That Alpha, is the greatest trial of your uncle's life, no one thinks his time is worth anything, and no one thinks he has any right to eat or sleep. It costs me a dollar to answer a personal letter, so if I answered fifteen a day, you can imagine where I would land. Come again, Alpha dear, for girls like you are very dear to my heart.

LAPHAM, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Your book of poems arrived here last night, and how we are enjoying it! We take turns reading it in the evening and have had many a laugh over your funny poems already.

Say, Uncle Charlie, I may as well get right down to business. I want to go in for literary work. I love to write, and although I know it means hard, discouraging work, am sure I should enjoy it. Mamma wanted me to send you one of my verses and have you to criticize it. Now please, Uncle Charlie, give me your honest opinion. Do you think it worth while for me to study with a view to becoming a writer? I don't want to waste my time on it if not, neither do I want to write for publication until I am better educated.

I shall look for an answer through COMFORT as I know you are too busy for personal correspondence. Yours sincerely, J. RUTH HAAS (No. 22,547).

Ruth, your letter gives me an opportunity to answer, not you, but hundreds of others who have written on the subject that is agitating your breast. The verses you sent me are excellent, and show real promise. They are not "pottery" and they are not poetry, but they are very good verse, and that is saying a great deal. If you wrote the lines you sent me all by your own self, I should advise you to go ahead and persevere with your work as you certainly have talent which can be developed and made profitable to yourself. The great thing in this writing business is to find out whether one has talent or not. The majority of people who write to me that they have splendid stories to tell, superb poems they want me to market, and magnificent songs that are worth millions, have as much idea of writing a story as Billy the Goat has of solving a problem in mathematics. Educated people very seldom attempt to write either lyrics, verse or stories. They know that such work requires a high order of ability, and they have enough brains and culture to know that they do not possess that ability. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," so the uneducated person butts in, makes you rhyme with *true*, and has a fit at his cleverness, and thinks he has written a poem. Then he scrawls something over two sheets of paper, without head or tail to it, written in execrable English, and with spelling that would give you chills and fever, and he thinks he has written the novel of the century, and if you tell him he has not, he is ready to come on by the next train with a club and knock your brains out. For a person to attempt to write a story without an education, without the ability to express his thoughts, develop his characters and plot, and attend to the hundred and one things that are necessary for such delicate and difficult work, is something like a carpenter trying to build a house without tools, or a man trying to walk around the globe without legs—it simply cannot be done. All you who have any literary talent, or think you have, should never worry editors with your products. In every community there is some person of education, either the minister, the schoolmistress, the doctor or someone capable of giving an opinion on your literary (?) product. You should take your work to these people, and get them to criticize it. If they are honest with you, the odds are your manuscript will go into the flames, because literary talent is about the rarest thing in the world. If your critic tells you your work is good, then study hard and develop it, and when you have a perfect article, you may submit it to a magazine. The odds are, it will come back, and you will wonder what is the matter with your work, and now at this point let me tell you what to do. Nearly all writers in the world at the outset of their careers have the greatest difficulty in marketing their work. What you all need at this stage of the game, is the service of a good literary bureau, and you also need a magazine which tells you all about literary work, how stories are constructed, marketed and sold. Such a magazine exists in New York, and I am going to ask Mr. Gannett to let me tell you its name, because its services both to magazines and writers the country over is invaluable. It is called the "Editor," and to the budding writer, it is what Shakespeare is to the actor, the Bible to the minister. It is simply indispensable. If you have any talent and can write, and can get in touch with this magazine, you will be able to sell your product, and if you have no talent, you will immediately find it out, if you submit your work to them. I may say that there is very little money in verse writing. The quantity used by editors is small, which I do not know, as many people would rather read verse than prose. A small band of brilliant cultured men and women write about eighty per cent. of all the verse that gets into American magazines. When you send your crude product to an editor it has to compete with the expert work of these brilliant writers. Do not wonder then, if your work comes back. Real talent however must succeed, and I think Ruth you have that talent.

NURSEY, TEX., June 21, '08.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my card and button all right and think them fine. I am nineteen years of age. Six feet tall, hair light, curly hair, and blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I am a farmer, live at home with my parents and am a member of the Missionary Baptist church.

Well Uncle Charlie, I for one have cut out smoking beginning with the three months of last year. How many of you cousins can say that? I had the cigarette habit for four years and when I came to my senses I found it was taking me to an early grave. So I made up my mind to quit and did so.

But smoking is not the worst habit boys fall into. Swearing taking God's name in vain and drinking strong drinks are wicked habits and ones we will all have to answer for at the end of this life. So I say, cut them out of your life now and forever. Now if all of you pretty girls would say: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," every man and boy in the country would be a prohibitionist.

My brothers and sisters are all married and mamma

says I want to be. But I tell her I am going to be an old bachelor.

Well uncle does it ever get hot down there in Maine? It certainly does down here. I live in forty miles of the Gulf of Mexico and we nearly always have a cool breeze here from the sea. I live in ten miles of Victoria, the county seat of Victoria Co., but our nearest post-office is three miles away at Nursery, but we expect free delivery before so long. Nursery is in Victoria Co., and is a railroad station. Well uncle just come down and help me eat watermelons. Our largest one weighed forty-six pounds. I will take you to the patch and let you put yourself outside of three or four of the big fellows like I do every day. Oh, my, they are as sweet as lasses. Mamma says I am hollow to the toes when I go to eat melons as it takes so much to fill me.

Hoping Billie never recovered from the Merry Widow hat diet, so he can't get my letter, I remain as ever your nephew, HARRISON K. UNDERWOOD.

Harrison, I love a clean-minded, wholesome boy like you. Your letter is a delight to read. I wish all you boys were like Harrison. It is character that makes the boy, character means strength of will and purpose, and it is character that makes the man. We have not many years of life on this earth, and life vanishes as a summer dream, so live your lives right and get the most out of them that you possibly can. I don't expect you boys to be saints, in fact I have no use for saints, as nearly all of them are cranks. Keep your head well in the skies if you will, but for heaven's sake keep your feet on the earth, and remember you are human, and living in this world not the next. Be not over righteous, but be God-fearing, manly, upright, honest and good. I have no objection to a man smoking a pipe or cigar. Millions of men get a tremendous amount of enjoyment and pleasure from a pipe. I abhor cigarettes, because these death sticks seem to take hold of a man even as morphine does, and once a man gets the habit he cannot throw it off. I don't think pipe smoking ever killed anyone. If any habit affords pleasure, and does no harm, I for one will not war on it. Tobacco chewing, I regard as a filthy, disgusting, sickening, swinish habit. Swearing is another vile habit, and only a habit. It is wonderful how habits become parts of our natures; once they get aboard of us, it is terribly hard to throw them overboard. A clean-spoken man is an immeasurably superior to a vile-mouthed blasphemous curser. The tongue is an unruly member, boys, keep it under control. Remember boys, just as Harrison says, if the girls shun the boys who drink and curse that would put a stop to the liquor traffic quicker than all the prohibition laws in the country. A man can

\$125.00. I have sat down to many a dinner in New York hotels where some jackass, who had more money than sense, was paying two or three hundred dollars for a single meal for the entertainment of his friends. Please understand, I did not pay any such sums, but my company was needed, and others were willing to pay the piper. The cost of one social function would have provided artificial limbs for this young man, and enabled him to get around and make a living. Please open your hearts and purses and do what you can for this poor soul, and God bless you in the doing.

MEDICAL LAKE, WASH., July, 1908.

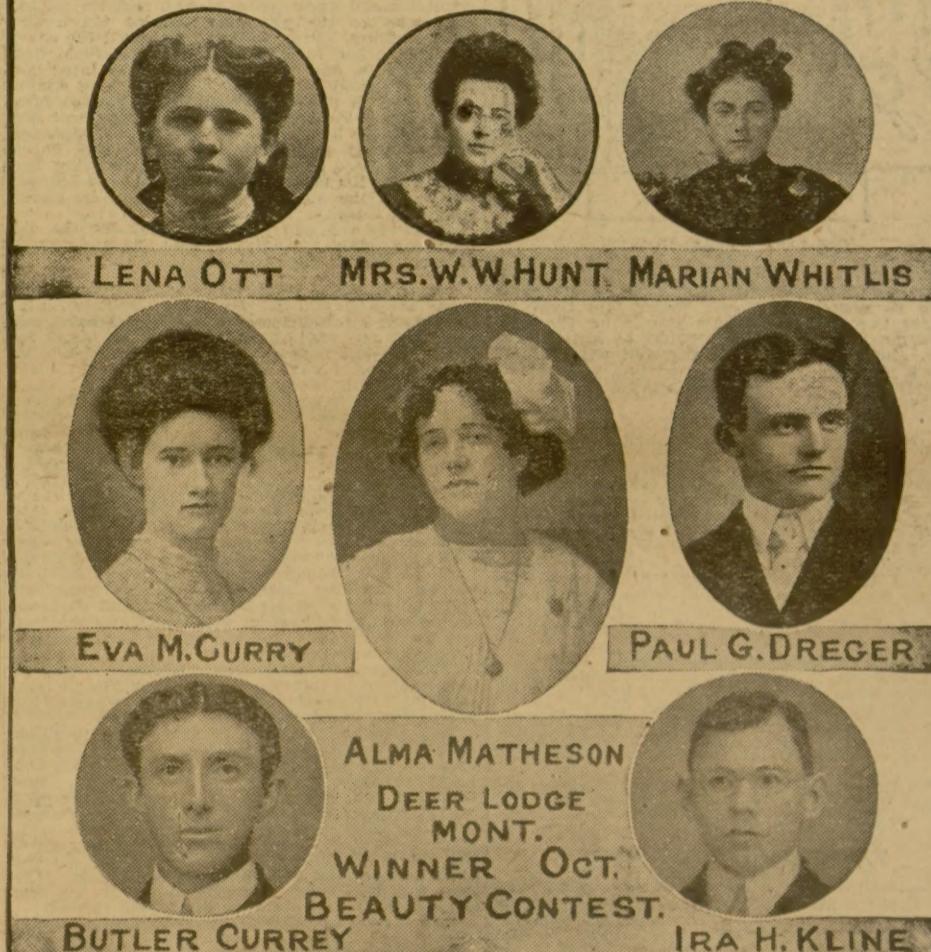
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet, eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes, live on a farm with my parents. Our farm is located on a prairie named White Bluff. It is nice and level, just fine for bicycle riding. We live in what they call the wild and woolly West. We are thirteen miles west of Spokane, a lovely city, and four miles north of Medical Lake. Medical Lake is a summer resort, a lovely camping ground in the summer. There are quite a few camping there now and more are coming. It's a fine lake for bathing, the water is medicated, is good for rheumatism. Uncle you and some of the cousins must come up and camp. There are two sanatoriums there, one pavilion, built over the water, and there also is an insane asylum, and a feeble-minded school. I tell you it is a fine town for its size. The number of inhabitants is about nine hundred, the street car comes from Spokane down to Medical Lake, that helps the town a great lot. Uncle I wish you or some of our cousins were out here, we would go and have a good boat ride, either in a large boat or a rowboat. Many thanks for my card and button. I would like to receive letters or cards from any of the cousins. Your true and loving cousin,

Miss L. G. BAILEY (No. 10,410).

Lillian, I am glad to hear from you. I know Spokane very well, it is a beautiful city, in fact take it all round, there is no better city to live in, or to do business in than Spokane. I would rather however, live at Medical Lake. I think that would be a fine place to start a patent medicine factory. I could send Billy the Goat and Toby down to the lake to bottle up Uncle Charlie's dope, and charge 'steen cents a bottle for it. After Toby had bathed in the lake the medicine would have an extra fine flavor. What has most interested me in your letter is the sentence in which you say that at Medical Lake you have a "feeble-minded" school. I presume that the school got feeble minded at some stage of its career, and somebody sent it out to Medical Lake, to get well. I ainly would just love to see a "feeble-minded" school, and wouldn't I just love to be a scholar in it. Say boys wouldn't it be fun to get your education in a nutty schoolhouse? Imagine after you had sat down at your desk, and the teacher had butted into business,

## Eight Attractive Cousins.



live without liquor, but no true-hearted man can live without a true woman's love. Yes, Harrison it does get hot up here in Maine, it was four above zero on the 39th of July this year. I don't see how it can be hot down in your section, considering the fact that you live "in forty miles of the Gulf of Mexico." Anybody that lives forty miles out at sea ought to be able to keep cool. I don't wonder that you can raise dandy watermelons in a watery place like that.

SHELBY, Mo., June 16, '08.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a cripple, with both legs off, and can't get around very well, and in the winter time I have rheumatism so bad I can hardly stand it. So dear Uncle Charlie I am writing to you for you to put my appeal in the COMFORT to help me get an artificial leg, if not two. Here is what I would like you to put in for me.

I am trying to get an artificial leg, one if not two, both of my legs are off and I want to get one if not two. I need a pair but would be very proud if I could just get one. The cheapest leg I can get costs \$70.00. A gentleman of Salisbury, N. C., starts me off with a gift of \$25.00, there is \$45.00 yet to come before I can get one leg. Any amount that you can give me will be greatly appreciated. I can't write very good either, as you see, for I haven't the use of my right hand and it's unhandy for me to use my left hand.

Well uncle, I will close hoping you will print this for me. I am, EARL H. CRAFF.

I should very much like the League to supply this poor young man with a pair of artificial limbs. Only \$115.00 is necessary to practically put him on his feet. I know the case is a very worthy one. Just listen to this: "This is to certify, that we were called to see Earl Craft on October 18th, 1901, and found him to be suffering from necrosis. The bones of both lower limbs were affected, and amputation was found necessary to save the life of the patient, and he was removed to the Sister's Hospital at Maryville, Missouri, and on October 20, we amputated both his limbs above the knees. Two weeks later he was removed to his home, where the limbs were dressed until he was healed. (Necrosis means rotting of the bone—Ed.)

"Signed by attending surgeon,  
E. P. NESBIT, M. D.  
W. M. WALLACE, M. D."

It seems pretty hard in a Christian country like this, that this poor young man has been deprived of artificial limbs for the want of a pauper

the "feeble-minded" school rolled over on its back, and began to have a fit, or stood on its head, and did a merry widow dance. I can see endless possibilities in getting an education in a "feeble-minded" school. Anyway, Lillian, I trust that after the "feeble-minded" school takes a little medicine from Medical Lake, and breathes in the glorious air that sweeps across the mountains and prairies of Washington, it will recover its mental balance and be well once more. Toby says he is of the opinion that you mean a school for the feeble minded, but I will not let him rob me of the bliss of revelling in the endless possibilities that are presented by a feeble-minded school.

FOOT MYERS, Fla.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
How would you like to have for a niece, a girl that lives away down South, in the land of orange blossoms?

Ft. Myers is situated on the banks of the Caloosahatchee river. The Caloosahatchee is a beautiful river. The Indians named it that name, meaning "beautiful river."

The river goes nearly to the Okeechobee lake, then a canal is cut to that lake. I never have been as far as the lake, but have been more than half way.

It is about twenty miles from here to the Gulf of Mexico. I have been down there many times. I have a nice collection of pretty shells which I gathered on the beach at Sanibel. This summer, Mamma, three of my sisters and myself went to Captiva. It is on the open Gulf. We saw many ships on the Gulf while we were in bathing. We were there a week and went in the Gulf twice a day. There were a few mosquitoes down there, but not enough to run us home. Late in the evening we would stand on the beach. Later in the evening we would stand on the beach. It was beautiful. We saw the shark as they came up, feeding. One shark was about twelve feet long. One afternoon we robbed a bee-tree, at least the men robbed it, and we ate the honey. That afternoon seven of us went rowing in a small rowboat and we rowed on an Indian mound. It was a large one. I had my kodak along, so I took a picture of the mound, with the others standing on it. We went to a picnic and had clam-chowder for dinner, the men had to dive for them in the bay. The bay was almost a mile from the Gulf. We had to walk from the bay side to the Gulf.

Coming from the landing to the bulk-head (where the boats land), a large shovel-nose shark was ahead of us most of the way. We came home on the steamer "Belle of Myers." It was very rough and windy. I was very glad to get home.

Very often the Indians come from the Everglades

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**EMPIRE FURNITURE MFG. CO.,**  
348 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
THIS ADVERTISEMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED WITH THE ORDER  
COMFORT, Nov.

to town. They look funny in their short skirts, which strike their knees. Most always they come barefooted, in the mid of winter, too! They wear derby hats with plumes or feathers in them. One Sunday they came to the church while we were having Sunday school! They sat on one of the benches and never took off their hats. The men will not let their squares or puposes come here at all! I have never seen an but the men.

I ought to tell something about myself. I am five feet, seven inches tall, have gray eyes, light hair

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

4 Months Free Trial In Your Home At My Risk  
Washes a Tub of Clothes Snow White In Only 1 Minute and 55 Seconds

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Enjoy washday—save all the hard work for four months on my promise—at my risk. I'll offer you a \$6.00 Wringer Free. I'll give you \$4.20 worth of best Washing Soap Free whether you keep one of my famous Dan Patch Washers after four months. First Trial, or not, I'll give my plain soap to you and all other women who haven't yet tried my famous Dan Patch Washer everything that having one in the house to do the washwork will mean to you. This is the famous washer you have read and heard so much about. Now you can prove it for yourself at my expense. Besides offering you \$10.05 worth free I give you

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You can depend on all I say. I am the responsible head of my large manufacturing concerns having \$2,000,000.00 capital.

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Free \$4.20 worth of Soap. Also your offer of a \$6.00 Wringer FREE. Please mail me FREE your Washing Machine Illustration and Beautiful Pictures of Dan Patch, without any obligation on my part.

# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**H**URRAH for November and the glorious feast of Thanksgiving. The air is getting cold and nippy. Soon it will be time to go nutting and squirrel hunting. I hope the suggestions in the Corner this month will aid all nephews in having a good time. It is great to be a boy and to have the whole outdoors for a playground. Tell me what you like best in this column and I will try to print more of it.

## A Game of Trees

This capital indoor game can be played by any number of young or old people, the more the merrier. Ask the following questions about trees and let each one write his answers. When you are through asking the one who has the most correct answers wins the games. What is the most level tree? The Plane. The brightest colored tree? The red wood. Which suggests the ocean? The beach. Good on a cold day? Fir. Which contains pork? Mahogany. Which might wear a glove? Palm. Name a sad tree and one that is not me. Blue Gum and Yew. Name an insect, a tale teller and an invalid. Locust. Peach and Pine. An old tree, a historical tree and one that has passed through fire. Elder, Date and Ash.

Those questions should furnish you with suggestion enough to frame up a list of about thirty, and should provide an evening of solid enjoyment for the entire family.

## Tool Cabinet

The tool cabinet shown herewith is very spacious and beautiful at the same time being simple in the extreme. First put together your ten inch boards in the form of a common oblong box leaving the front vacant, except for a six inch strip across the top. Now you can put in the compartments and drawer shown at the bottom. These are simply light one half inch pieces nailed in place with finishing nails. The heavy cross piece which goes around the cabinet at the bottom should be two inches thick. The panel doors are fashioned by first making two long frames and then nailing a lighter piece on from behind. COMPLETED.

The top of the cabinet is set off by heavy moulding, and under each corner casters should be screwed. First drill a hole and then slip them in. The straps and pegs to hold the tools is a matter of taste. The entire box inside and outside should be oiled and then varnished.

## Telling a Girl's Age

Here is one of the best and most amusing age tricks ever devised. Pick out some prim and rather ancient dame and without letting her know your object ask her to put down the number of the month in which she was born; then to multiply it by two; then to add five; then to multiply it by fifty; then to add her age; then to subtract 365; then to add 115; and lastly ask her to kindly tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age and the remaining figure the month of her birth. For example if the amount is 825, she is 25 years old and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.

## The Game of Piggy

The picture shows a boy playing an outdoor game called "piggy". It is a pastime which requires a large open space and is therefore admirably suited to country lads. A long broom handle and a piece of one seven or eight inches long is all the apparatus necessary. Any number may play or it may be played by four, each pair being partners. The short stick is placed on a brick as shown in cut and the players in turn tap it lightly to send it up in the air about neck high, and then swing with all their strength to knock it as far away as possible. THE STRONG SWING.

The player then follows the stick he has batted away and every step he takes on his way back counts a point. Five hundred points win the game. There are many variations of this game but the old-fashioned way as given here is best of all. If a player swings the bat at the "piggy" and fails to hit it he loses his turn, but in case he does not swing at it he gets another chance. Boys, if you try this game and like it, write me a letter and tell about it.

## A Handy Folding Table

In designing this little table I purposely left out everything in the way of curves, fancy work and ornamentation so that even the smallest lad could make it. It may be used for a study or gaming table and is one of the most useful and desirable for a sewing table.

When not in use it can be folded up and put in a closet without using much space. Any wood will do for material. Dimensions of the top are twenty by twenty-eight inches. The legs are twenty-four inches high. First cut out the four leg pieces and connect each pair with cross-piece at top. Now all you have to do is to hinge them on to the under part of the top and in doing so be careful to place them in such a way that the legs will fold together. The proper position is clearly shown in the cut marked "closed". Study it and you will get the right idea. When open and in use the legs of the table are held firmly apart by a brace pivoted underneath the table.

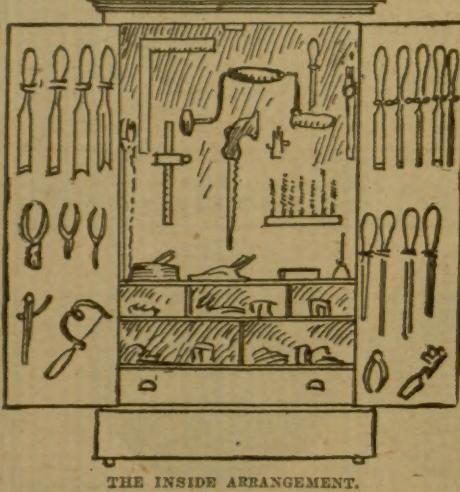
top. When done, thoroughly sand paper the table and give it a coat of oil and varnish.

## A Card Trick Extraordinary

By the methods given here you can tell the name and position in the deck of any card thought of. After permitting every member of the company to shuffle, hand the pack of cards to someone and request him to mentally select some card and also to fix in his mind the position of same by counting 1, 2, 3, 4, from the bottom as far as and including the card thought of. While this is being done you either go into another room or permit yourself to be blindfolded, and assure the company that you will announce before you touch the pack the number at which the selected card will be found. Supposing the person choosing the card stops at 13 and supposing also that you announce that the position at which it will be found will be 24. All you have to do is secretly take away from the bottom of the pack 23 cards (one fewer than the number you said) and place them on the top. Then hand the pack to the other party and request him to begin at the number his card was in and count to the number you said (24). The 24th card will surely be the right one. All you have to observe is to take away a greater number of cards than the number your opponent gives you as the position his chosen card is in. Try this great trick, it cannot fail.

## The Best Knot

Probably the best and most practical knot in the whole list of sailor lore is the running bow-



THE INSIDE ARRANGEMENT.

line shown here. It is the only slip knot a sailor will use and its value to a landsman is quite as great, for it will never jam tight no matter how heavy a strain is put on the line, it cannot slip apart and yet may be untied in a jiffy. Study the cut carefully and with a half hour's practice with a piece of line you should easily master it. Preserve the drawing for future reference.

## Can You Figure These Out?

Thousands of boys solved last month's problems correctly, and thousands tried and failed. The ones given below will surely test your knowledge of arithmetic. Don't be quitters, boys, don't give them up. In the Boys' Corner next month the correct answers will be published. Get it by all means.

1.—A man sold two houses at equal prices. On one he gained twenty-five per cent, and on the other he lost twenty-five per cent. Find the cost of each house if his loss by the transaction was \$480.

2.—A boat goes down stream 15 miles per hour and up stream 10 miles per hour. If it requires three and one third hours longer to come up than go down, how far down did it go?

3.—Fifteen persons engaged a coach, but before paying the bill five withdrew, by which each one's bill was increased 50 cents; what was the entire bill?

The answers to last month's problems are respectively: 1.—300 feet. 2.—Man 36 days, boy 45 days.

## The Geographical Puzzle

You will see at a glance that the picture at the upper right-right corner is strongly suggestive of Thanksgiving. To the left of it is the map of a country whose name also reminds one of something good to eat about now. What is the country? The illustration marked "b" is a large fresh water lake located in America, "d" is also a large American lake, "e" is a very populous island in the eastern part of this country.

This department in the next number of COMFORT will give the answers. Watch for it and if your subscription is about run out renew at once. Uncle John likes to receive letters from boys. Write to him on any subject.

## Answer to October Puzzles

Here is a drawing which clearly illustrates how to make one perfect square out of two as required by last month's puzzle. After seeing it looks easy to solve.

## November Closing

I wonder how many boys will guess the puzzle this month and how many will make the articles described. Winter is fast approaching and I am preparing a dandy set of articles for snowy weather, ice-boats, sleighs, bobs, etc. If you miss them you will always regret it. By all means get the big Christmas number. Good by till then and a very happy Christmas and bright New Year to all my boys, in the sincere wish of UNCLE JOHN.



## The Old Sexton's Devotion

### WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

**L**UCY was one of the most wayward, willful little girls that one could imagine, but full of numerous charms, graces and pretty ways, which made her worst faults appear pleasant and characteristic of herself.

She had no thoughts of any other place except Elmsford; she knew no home beside old Jonathan Elmsford's big, rambling house. She did not know—he never told her—that she was the child of a dead love of his, a woman who had found, too late, the value of the man she carelessly threw aside; a woman who was only too glad, when she lay deserted by her husband and dying, to send for her old lover and to beg that he would take care of her baby girl.

That was almost twenty years ago, and the grave, sedate old man had loyally kept his promise.

He was a strange, kindly old man, living his simple life in the house in which his forefathers had lived before him. And he had but one recreation—a recreation which almost amounted to a passion.

Whenever life rested more heavily upon him than usual, and all the better and truer things were swamped under a tide of bitter recollections, he would climb to the belfry of the old village church and lock himself in there and ring the bells. Years of practice had made him proficient, and many a belated rustic, toiling homewards, had been charmed to hear some old world tune slowly played out on the evening air. Someone had said once that it was the old man's mode of prayer and it was an ordinary expression, when the bells were heard: "There's old Jonathan praying again."

The sound of those bells had been the most inspiring music the girl had known and she had grown up to watch for and love the sound.

When Jonathan first learned that handsome Walter Howell loved the girl, and that she also had given her heart to him, it came as something of a shock to the old man. He had been accustomed to look upon her as a mere child; he had scarcely a thought of any possible future for her. But he knew that Walter was a sturdy, true-hearted fellow, who would give to the wayward little beauty the protection she needed, and in a trembling voice, he gave them his blessing. He climbed to the old belfry that night and rang the bells softly for a long time, and came down comforted.

But shortly afterward there appeared another figure on the scene—a figure who lingered by the girl's side in the moonlight, whispering; a figure who was in the autumn woods through which she wandered; a figure that brought a new element into her life of which she had never dreamed; the figure of Pierre Cheron.

He was a wanderer—a Bohemian and something of an artist; a man who had visited many countries and knew much of men and the world. He spoke to the girl of a life of which she knew nothing. True, he had whispered the same lies into other ears many times, and some had believed him, and found it all out too late; but it was pleasant for him to tell it all over again, and to watch the color come and go on the fair, eager face. He taught her an impatience of her quiet life she had never felt before; he appeared so thoroughly to understand all her dim hopes and longings. So he succeeded in drawing her away from the peace she had known, and fed her soul with the vague promises which he never meant to fulfill.

This was the note which she left for the old man one summer evening, before she stole away to meet Pierre Cheron:

"Dear Daddy.—When you read this letter, curse me and blot me from your remembrance. Even now, I could not go with him—I could not leave all my old life behind me, in black ingratitude—but that I love him. When he looks into my eyes I have no strength or will; I am tired of all the peace—all the dullness; I want to go to the life he tells me of. Comfort Walter; he will find some other woman who is worthier of him and he will learn to forget me. Oh, Daddy—my dear Daddy, think kindly of me sometimes.

LUCY."

Trembling and fearful, and governed by a stronger will than her own, she went to a fate of which she knew nothing. Cheron had promised to make her his wife and take her away with him to those wondrous lands of which he told her; he had fanned her natural vanity by telling her that her beauty and talents were lost and hidden in such a place as this, and that she should shine by his side in the company of lords and great ladies.

She stole quietly away to a place at which he had agreed to meet her, yet felt half reluctant, half inclined to return. But she saw him at last, standing beside the dog-cart, and waving his hat to her; and her scruples were gone.

"Ah, darling," he said, "I had begun to think that you would disappoint me. Come, it is getting late." He took her hands as he spoke, and began to draw her wards the dog-cart. She trembled and was silent; but his influence was still strong upon her, and she went on unresistingly.

Her foot was upon the step of the cart, when a burst of sound flooded the evening air—the sound of those familiar bells. She started back and covered her face with her hands. The man was beside her in an instant, and his arm about her; but she thrust him aside forcibly.

"Oh, no—no!" she sobbed—"I cannot go—I cannot go!" The bells—the bells! They are calling to me—calling, as they have ever done, and drawing me back to peace and safety; telling of the dear days I have been glad to forget while with you. I cannot go—I cannot go!"

"What nonsense is this!" he cried in anger. "Do you think I am to be fooled in this manner?" The bells still rang out over the evening air.

"Stand back!" she cried. "I tell you I will not go. I have been mad or dreaming; I have forgotten all things. The bells have taught me remembrance."

He stretched out his arms suddenly and masterfully toward her, with an exclamation of impatience; but she eluded him quickly and fled away among the trees. He made a movement as though he would have followed her; then stopped, shrugged his shoulders, turned away, and hastily mounted the dog-cart, sullen, but alone and drove away.

As she hurried toward home again a man on horseback came riding toward her across a plantation; it was Walter Howell.

She would have been glad to avoid him at that moment, but he dismounted when he saw her and came toward her. Then all the pent-up shame and contrition in the girl's heart burst out, and she clung to him hopelessly, hiding her face on his broad breast and sobbing as though her heart was broken.

"My dear love," he murmured tenderly, holding the slight figure in his arms, "What has distressed you? Tell me—what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing now, dear Walter," she said brokenly. "But I had a dream—a foolish fancy—that I had gone away from you; that I had left you; that I was not all you thought me—but shameful and unworthy."

"A silly dream, my dear," he said kissing her. "Why should it distress you? Forget it, sweet Lucy."

"Yes—yes," she replied quickly, raising her eyes to his, "help me to forget it. Keep me always with you; believe only that I love you. When I am weak and wayward, stretch out your hands to help me, and love me."

They found the devoted old sexton in the belfry, beneath the bells he loved, lying there quietly, with a smile on his dead face; they said it was heart failure. And when the couple opened the door as they entered and found him there, the wind caught up some tiny scraps of paper, with writing on them, and whirled them out through the old stone window and scattered and lost them on the breeze.

## The Old Sexton's Devotion

### WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

**L**UCY was one of the most wayward, willful little girls that one could imagine, but full of numerous charms, graces and pretty ways, which made her worst faults appear pleasant and characteristic of herself.

She had no thoughts of any other place except Elmsford; she knew no home beside old Jonathan Elmsford's big, rambling house. She did not know—he never told her—that she was the child of a dead love of his, a woman who had found, too late, the value of the man she carelessly threw aside; a woman who was only too glad, when she lay deserted by her husband and dying, to send for her old lover and to beg that he would take care of her baby girl.

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

we go to Him in secret prayer for guidance and for comfort and He shows us a way to escape the temptation and gives relief to our grief-stricken hearts. He bids us to cast our burdens at His feet.

Here in Alabama where I live the country is rugged as it is a narrow strip lying between the Gunters' mountain and the Tennessee river. Here it is all ridges and valleys running parallel with the river. Our country had a boom a few years ago and the village changed its name from Henryville to Columbus City, but that is about the only change which was made, so that often strangers when passing through ask how far it is to the city when they really are in the heart of it.

We only have one small store, a post-office, blacksmith shop and a few houses, so naturally this small group does not seem to deserve the name which it bears. We have a nice church just outside of what was to have been the city limits and have preaching twice a month, prayer meeting every Saturday night, and Sunday school Sunday mornings.

Now for a homely hint which may be new to some. Try rubbing your lamp chimneys with dry wood ashes. It produces a fine polish so that they give a much better light.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters, but more especially those living on the coast. MOLLIE E. CHANDLER, Columbus City, Ala.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a frequent visitor to this corner and have been helped so much that I now turn to you in my greatest grief and sorrow.

My darling blue-eyed boy Raymond, thirteen months old, has been called home. This picture of him was taken when his temperature was one hundred and six, but he managed to smile, and was so good and sweet.

He was very sick with typhoid fever and, at last, I had to take him to a hospital in Richmond. They operated and he was there five weeks, then I brought him home; he seemed to have recovered completely. Two weeks after we came home he



Mrs. Harriet M. Klise, and son Raymond Leroy, thirteen months old, who died June 3, 1908.

was suddenly taken ill at midnight and died at 5 a. m. the next morning. Only the dear Father knows how very hard it was for me to give up my precious darling. But I know that God is good. "His will not mine be done." He giveth and he taketh away. Jesus bore his cross and we each must bear ours, and God knows we each have our share. How much easier it is to say these things than do them, but I do not believe in darkening the lives of others with my sadness, so I try to bury my grief and be bright.

Now I can truly sympathize with all mothers who have lost children for I know whereof I speak, and how hard it is to see them pass from our loving, watchful care.

I am going to tell you a little story, and hope all the mothers who are inclined to punish hastily or too frequently will read and think of it.

PARDONED.

"Here is Jones again. What can we do with him?" thus spoke the colonel of a regiment, one day when he read on the list of offenders the name of a man who had broken military rules and had been punished so often that there seemed to be no hope of his reform.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sergeant major, "there is one thing which has never been done with him yet."

What is that, Sergeant Major?"

"He has never been forgotten."

"Forgiven! How can he be forgiven? His case is entered," said the colonel.

"True, sir, but he is not yet before you, you can cancel it."

"Bring Jones in," said the colonel. The soldier came in, he was a noble-looking fellow.

The colonel looked him in the face and said:

"What have you to say to the charges against you?"

"Nothing, sir, only that I am sorry for what I have done."

"Well," said the colonel, "we have resolved to forgive you."

The poor soldier was like one thunderstruck on hearing this unexpected utterance; it touched his heart, he wept, left the room and was never known to offend again. Pardon conquered him. Mercy reformed him, and thus God seeks to conquer us. Wicked as we are, countless as are our transgressions, if like the soldier we would stand before our Maker and say, "I repent, I am sorry for my sins, I cast my soul on Jesus," he would reply, "You are forgiven," and that pardon once received would melt and win you. How can we sin against such pardoning love? Go then precious soul, confess your sins to God, be pardoned and sin no more.

If we persevere we will win. A colored preacher when asked to define perseverance said: "It means, firstly to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly, to never leave go."

Do I wear my welcome out? I hope not. I have a request to make. November 25th I will be twenty years old, and I would greatly appreciate letters of remembrance from any of this band. I would also be greatly pleased if anyone could send me the song containing these words:

"She's just like a rose  
With a broken stem." And  
"She has chosen her path  
She must bear the blame."

I hope I will hear from many of you at this time and I wish you all much happiness.

MRS. HARRIET M. KLISE, Waynesboro, Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending to the sisters some of my well-tried recipes and am sure you will be pleased with them.

I do so hope the sisters will remember me with souvenir post cards. I live fifteen miles from Indianapolis and will gladly send cards from there in return. I hope to be remembered by many.

INDIA M. CATTERSON, Brownsburg, Ind.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

## Recipes For Mother's Good Things

Boil two pig's legs till meat falls from bone. Pare and quarter as many potatoes as you need. Cook all with an onion. Brown some flour and thicken the gravy.

## Mock Oysters

Chop some frozen beef with a sharp knife, as much as you think you need. Place in a deep dish. Add salt and pepper, a small lump of butter and pour boiling water on the meat. Let stand a few minutes and serve.

## Checker-board Cake

Light part.—One and one half cups of white sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two teaspoonfuls baking powder in two cups of white flour.

Dark part.—One cup of brown sugar, one fourth cup of butter, one half cup sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in two cups of white flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, one half nutmeg.

I mix the dry spices, baking powder and flour together. Now place a spoonful of dark in the center of your jelly pan, then a ring of white, then dark again, so on till pan is filled. Next pan put a light center, a dark ring, then light again, so on till pan is filled, then alternate layers.

## Sponge Cake

One cup of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs whipped separately, one teaspoonful vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one and one half cups of flour.

## Maine Cracker Pudding

Scald one quart of sweet milk. When milk is cool, add three eggs well beaten, eight crackers rolled fine, two cups of seeded raisins, that have been soaked two hours in warm water, sugar and nutmeg to taste. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, stirring often while in oven.

## Mock Lemon Pie

Two thirds cup of sugar, two thirds cups of hot water, yolks of one egg, butter size of a hickory nut, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of extract of lemon, one tablespoonful of corn starch. Boil till thick, bake the crust, pour in the filling and set in oven, cover top with frosting. Watch carefully till frosting is a light brown. This is fine when perfectly cold.

## Large Custard Pie

Three eggs, one pint milk, one half cup sugar. Flavor to suit taste. Do not bake too long or too fast or custard will be watery.

## Pudding

Two cups sugar, two cups bread crumbs, two cups suet, two cups flour, two cups buttermilk, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, salt, soda and cinnamon.

## Loaf Cake

Two cups sugar, one half cup butter, beat to a cream, beat whites of five eggs and stir into sugar and butter. Add cup of sweet milk, three cups flour, two and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder having been sifted with the flour.

## Ribbon Cake

Whites of five eggs, two cups sugar, three cups flour, two thirds cup sweet milk, three scant teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add red sugar to one half of dough and bake in four layers, two of each.

## Caramel Filling for Cake

One pint cream, one egg, one and one half cups sugar, lump of butter size of walnut. Cook until it begins to turn a little brown then take from the fire and place between layers of cake before it gets cold. I. M. C.

## White Layer Cake

Whites of five eggs, two cups sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two and one fourth cups flour, one teaspoonful lemon, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Icing.—Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup sugar with just enough water to dissolve, boil till it hairs from spoon, pour over eggs and beat till cold.

## Chocolate Cream Pie

One cup milk, pinch salt, one and one half squares chocolate or five tablespoonfuls, two level cups flour, two eggs (yolks only), five tablespoonfuls sugar (level), one teaspoonful vanilla. Put milk, salt and chocolate in upper part double boiler, and when hot and smooth, stir in the flour, which has been mixed with enough cold milk to be thin enough to pour into the hot milk. Cook, stirring constantly, till thick; then let it cool eight or ten minutes, mix eggs and sugar together and pour the hot mixture over them, stirring thoroughly; put back on stove, cook one minute, when cool add vanilla.

## Meringue

Whites of two eggs, pinch salt, four level tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Mrs. J. C. S.

## Cement for Broken China

Into a thick solution of gum arabic stir plaster of Paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream, apply with a brush to the broken edges of china and join together. The whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

## Silver Cake

One cup butter and lard, half of each, and two cups of sugar creamed together, add the whites of five eggs, one large cup of sweet milk with a scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Ten drops almond extract. Then add one quart sifted flour with a heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Spread in deep square tin greased and paper lined. Sprinkle with fine sugar and bake in a medium hot oven.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am on the shut-in list for a short time with a broken collar bone. I have time I do not know what to do with. I got in the road of a rolling log from the mountain and the log got the best of me.

We live on a ranch and have lots of work to do. My husband and two boys, twelve and fourteen, manage it all, both in doors and out. My husband is a good cook and we are bringing our boys up to understand this art, for here in

(CONTINUED IN SUPPLEMENT PAGE 1.)

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

(that used to be a golden color once), and have fair skin, and I am fifteen years old.

I would like to correspond with any of the cousins, especially those out West on a ranch or "up north."

Tell Toby our pup "Dan," sends his best regards and wishes him success in life. Your niece,

JULIET G. OOM.

Juliet, I am always glad to hear from the land of flowers and sunshine. I have a warm spot in my heart for you Southern girls. I am greatly interested in your letter, especially your account of your trip to the Gulf of Mexico, but one of the most interesting incidents in your

letter, and certainly the most exciting was your account of rowing on that Indian mound. I certainly would have liked to have seen you rowing a boat up the side of a miniature mountain. All that I can picture is either that the mound was pretty straight, or that you performed a miracle. I knew a man who tried to row a boat up Pike's Peak, but it appeared he had been spending ten nights in a barroom, and previous to that had spent ten years in a lunatic asylum. I'll bet you had to pull on the oars and strain your muscles to get that row boat on top of that mound. Another thing I am very much interested in and that is the clam chowder picnic. I am living within a few miles of the great clam chowder belt, and know everything about clams that is worth knowing. You say you had clam chowder for dinner, and the man had to fish for them. I certainly would like to see a man diving in the ocean for a bowl of clam chowder. I should also like to see the cook at the bottom of the sea making the clam chowder. I am afraid he would have a pretty wet fire, and I am afraid your clam chowder had a pretty salty taste by the time it had been dived for and brought to the surface. I am very much interested in those Indians from the Everglades, the most interesting race of people in the world. I should very much like to see them in their short skirts and derby hats. I'll bet the mosquitoes have lots of fun under those short skirts.

It is not very nice of people to keep their hats on in church, but if the Indians were asked to remove their hats, they might perhaps think they had to remove their skirts as well, and then there would be something doing.

Thank you, Juliet for your lovely letter, I enjoyed it immensely, especially the clam chowder.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aims and objects, the following facts will be of interest.

The League of Cousins was founded a meeting of bringing together and combining all members of COMFORT's family, and all readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into the League provided they conform to its rules and aims.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given to those sending in their names for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend. If you already take the paper, all who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

## How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a button, you must send a modest amount in advance.

COMFORT charges \$1.00 by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subsciptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Correct and Incorrect Ways of Dress for Stout Women

**T**HIS is for the women and girls, who are either stout or short and in consequence have terrible troubles and many palpitations of the heart when they go a-shopping for a dress. I always sympathize when I see a woman with enormous bulk, sitting at a counter in a dry-goods store, while the busy clerk surrounds her with huge plaids, vivid stripes, and materials so splashed with gigantic weird looking patterns of fruits or flowers, that the mere sight of them gives you the old fashioned Jim-jams, and I know way down in the depths of my pitying heart, that this self-same woman will presently appear before the eyes of her family in a dress that looks as if it wanted to be converted into a bathrobe or a carriage blanket. I don't know why it is, but never by any chance do you see the poor stout shopper offered anything but vivid flaming patterns. The storekeepers all seem to have entered into a combine as regards this and the only way it can be broken is for all the owners of abundant flesh and many curves to make up their minds to have a mind of their own, the next time they are looking for a dress.

Remember that even a very pretty woman can easily transform herself into a fright by the manner in which she dresses, and vice-versa, that a homely woman can be made to look attractive and decidedly chic if she gowns herself with an eye to her individual style. Unfortunately the majority of women, whether they be short or tall, fat or thin, go calmly to the dry-goods store and serenely and sometimes eagerly accept the latest thing in style and pattern, not because she particularly likes it but because Fashion—a person some word—has declared it "the proper thing" and in order to wear "the proper thing" she sacrifices her taste, good judgment and sense of propriety. Thousands of women dress exactly alike except for some slight difference in fabric, each a good copy of her next-door neighbor. Now what I want to emphasize most emphatically is the importance of every woman studying her own individuality and suiting the fashion to herself not herself to the fashion. Don't you think this is the most sensible plan? Well, if you do, try to follow it up and always please yourself, not the courteous clerk or a man away off in Paris who has decreed that you shall wear loose voluminous skirts when you should dress snugly, or close-fitting clothes when your general build calls for loosely flowing lines.

I have devoted quite a little space to the importance of knowing your own mind when you go on a dress hunt, so I'll close that particular phase of my subject and take up something else.

Correct underwear for the stout woman, should be underwear without gathers or bunches around the waist line and hips and with very little fullness over the bust. I wish you could all see the new combination undergarment, called "The Leona." It is too pretty and dainty for anything and fits smoothly to the figure. The "Leona" is composed of short skirt to the knees, drawers and corset cover all in one piece, the corset cover fits around waist without one gather and is sewn on to the skirt, which has the drawer legs sewn inside this skirt, fits the form without a particle of fullness until just below the hips when it flares out prettily and very full around the bottom of skirt. It is an ideal garment for anyone but more especially for fleshy women who cannot stand any fullness around the hips or waist and yet want the fullness at the knee. If you see in any pattern paper, an illustration of this three piece garment, get the pattern and try making some at home. They can be made of cotton cloth, nainsook, or any white material. It is not at all hard to make them and they are cheaper than your separate pieces of underwear. In two or three years from now no one will be wearing the old fashioned clumsy gathered underwear. They will be things of the past because the combination three piece suit is sensible, comfortable and just as pretty and fluffy where it needs to be fluffy—as anything you ever saw.

Another thing that is important to the stout woman trying to look slender is a properly shaped corset. It is just as easy to buy a corset with the lines suitable for a corseted figure as it is to choose a corset that should only be worn by a slender willowy woman. In buying a corset, the stout woman should always select a corset with a long straight front, long hips and a moderately low bust. Nothing makes a woman look coarser than to wear a corset so high over the bust that the bosom is pushed up under the chin with the result that she looks awkward, ill-shaped and many pounds heavier. All this can be avoided by wearing the proper kind of a corset, and it is just as easily obtained in a fifty cent corset as in a more expensive one. Another thing in this connection, don't wear knee garters, as they are most unhygienic, cutting off the circulation of blood, which is extremely apt to cause varicose veins. The long garters sewn to the front and sides of the corset, are absolutely necessary for a fleshy woman. If you are one of those who love the pretty knee garters (and I know they are indeed very pretty and dainty), why not buy or make a pair and pin them up on your bedroom wall where you can admire them and they can do no



STOUT WOMEN SHOULD WEAR DRESS ALL OF ONE COLOR.

harm. Remember that they are not only injurious to the health, but absolutely an impossibility for any fleshy person who desires to keep the waist line neat and with no suggestion of excessive fat. A corset without garter suspenders is like a ship without an anchor always shifting and moving about. In addition to this the corset front below the waist (when not held down by the garter suspenders) is apt to bulge out making a noticeable ridge in the dress-skirt and giving an appearance of looseness and unrestricted fat that is most undesirable, so wear the long garters, fashioned strongly on the front and sides of the corset and be rewarded by a firm, neat waist and smoothly fitting skirt.

The next step to take is toward your closet door, where hangs an underskirt with quite a few gathers in the back I'm afraid. Rip the band off, on either side of the back and make this fullness into two inverted flat plaits. Put in a band, make a buttonhole and sew on a button, and there you are, minus all annoying fullness.

If you will all pay strict attention to the foregoing you will reap a quick reward, and come forth into the world with a waist and a figure that will win admiration from everyone. And what I am telling you to do isn't a bit hard. It won't cost any more and will make you look a "heep" better.

"Them's my sentiments," and I know they'll be yours before long.

We'll now discuss the "how and what" of dresses you should wear.

If you want to look taller—and I know most of you do—wear striped material. A very delicate thread-like stripe running up and down the figure in soft colors will add several inches to your height but a broad vivid stripe actually deforms the figure, making one look like a circus performer. Never, O stout woman, wear the stripes running around and around you! If you knew how very, very short and stout it made you look, you would never make this mistake.

A fat woman should never wear a black skirt and a white waist. She cannot afford to divide herself into two different sections. Try to have your skirt and waist of the same general color. You must look all in one piece if you intend to be a "tall lady." Stout women look much slighter in an all black dress but as it makes them look old and worn I would advise them to wear steel gray, dark purples, seal brown, pale buffs, all white, dark green and dark blue. Wear a whole dress made in any one of these colors that is most becoming to you and you will see how much you appear to lose in weight.

Wear your hair up on the top of your heads, my dears, if you want to look tall and slender. Never wear your hair down on your neck as it really makes you look—well I won't be cruel enough to tell you how—you can give a guess.

Ne—wear large or conspicuous hat is a good motto for the plump woman to keep in mind. She should wear a medium-sized hat, even though hats like umbrellas are the style. A

I'll not wear a dress so tight that the seams look as if they were all pulling with might and main in different directions. When making your dress, see that it fits smoothly but there must be no strain upon the seams. If you have a large bust see that your waist is made with a little fullness. Women with too large a bust should never wear a perfectly plain tight waist, as it makes them look larger than they really are. A waist with a little fullness over the bust and drawn in snugly at the waist line—with the fullness all at the center of the waist line—makes your bust look less large and noticeable. The skirt of a stout woman should be tucked or plain at waist line, with all fullness from the knee down. Always remember to have a plain smooth effect around the waist and hips. When drawing the fullness of the shirt waist to the center you should fasten this fullness about an inch below the waist line, then fasten your skirt so that it is also about an inch below the waist line in front, after which put on and pin belt so it slopes down gently in front. This method of putting on your clothes is the best thing a stout woman can do, who wishes to greatly lessen the effect of large waist and hips.

Never wear tight sleeves, cuffs, collars, gloves or shoes, as they simply make you look hot and red, without taking away one inch of flesh. Always wear black or brown stockings. Light colored stockings are for the thin woman not the one of flesh untold.

### Rules For the Stout

Stand well forward, with the abdomen drawn in and the chest thrown out.

Hold your chin well up in the air. Never let it sag into your neck.

Don't wear large flashy hats.

Don't wear tight collars, as it gives you a red face and a double chin. You don't want either!

Wear a straight front corset with a low bust.

Give up gathers and shirrings.

Dress snugly but not tightly. There is a difference.

Get the pattern for a combination suit of underwear.

And last but not least, reduce!

### Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

L. N. and Edna.—Moles are very dangerous things to meddle with, and should be removed only on the advice of a physician. I should advise your leaving them alone, but if you must do something have them removed by electricity; even so, it may cause a cancerous growth.

Mrs. Martha.—I imagine your trouble is a mole but it might be a moth patch. For moles see reply to L. N. and Edna. Moth patches can be removed by using this lotion. One half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Mop on moth patch night and day. Make applications carefully. Yes you can use the ammonia oftener.

Mrs. E. H. S.—I am glad you are interested in the Milk Diet and am pleased to give you the information. I lived entirely on milk for several years, so that answers your first question. I think at the beginning I would take one meal each day and four quarts of milk. You should take one or two raw eggs in the morning, at noon, and at night; and the milk should be taken, one glassful every half hour.

Mrs. Cinderella.—I do not think you will have to make the horseradish lotion fresh every time you use it. I think it is better for tan and honey. You should weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds. I should imagine a pompadour would be more becoming to you than a part.

You should wear a medium high collar with a little ruching around the top. Formula for Bust Developer is as follows: Pure imported galega (goat's-rue), ten grams, lacto-phosphate of lime ten grams, tincture of fennel ten grams, simple syrup four hundred grams. Take two soupspoonfuls with water before each meal. To enlarge bust rapidly, you should also massage it every day with cocoa butter. First bathe the breasts in hot water, follow this with ten minutes' massage with cocoa butter using circular upward movements, after which dash a great deal of cold water over neck and shoulder, which makes the flesh firm and white.

Margaret D.—Thank you for your pleasant letter. I am glad to know that the olive oil treatment has made your hands white, plump and smooth. You can heat the olive oil and rub it on the hands for ten minutes, if you prefer. You probably have large veins and when you let your arms hang down, the blood rushes down and makes your veins look noticeable. This is one of the things that will have to be endured.

Mrs. Mamie S.—You must use the ammonia six or seven months but do not use tweezers. The hair should come out by itself. If you wish to whiten your face, use this lotion: Scrape one teaspoonful of horseradish into a cup of sour milk, let it stand for six hours before using. Apply two or three times a day.

Mrs. H. H.—As you are five feet eight inches tall and only weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds, I should certainly advise a Milk Diet. You should weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. You could also take, in conjunction with it, the treatment for the bust given Mrs. Cinderella. The rapidity with which the bust develops depends entirely upon the individual.

Jennie L.—You take the Vaucaire Remedy as a medicine, and you get the formula put up by your druggist.

E. Boston.—Your druggist must have been angry because you asked him for something that he didn't have. Don't worry about such a thing. It is sold at all city drug stores and they make a specialty of it, as it is not only a bust developer but a tonic as well. The company you mention are reliable and I should advise you buying it of them. Tablets are more convenient to use. If you want to gain, why not drink three to four quarts of milk each day for one month. You ought to gain three pounds a week.

Pearl M. and others interested in amole root.—The amole root is not generally known. You can get it by writing to some druggist in New Mexico. Silver City would be a good place. It is a root and you pound up two or three roots with a hammer until you have two handfuls of the stuff. Put this in a bowl and pour six cups of boiling water over it, let it stand for fifteen minutes, steam and wash hair with liquid. Use no soap, borax or anything but the mixture. Rinse in warm water once. This amole root is supposed to make hair grow on a bald head, cleans the hair beautifully and in three cases of a friend's friends the hair has become curly after long continued use. As a shampoo it is fine as I have used it myself, and as I believe what my friend told me about it making her hair grow in, I am sending for it today for a relative who is almost bald. I do not guarantee it will grow hair and make it curly. I simply have it on the authority of one who has tried it and whose friends have tried it. To clear skin drink hot water, walk two hours a day in the open air, take a cold bath every morning, eat plain nourishing food. If you really want a good skin, drink milk.

G. A. B.—The prescription you inclose I know nothing of. I don't advise using it. Use sensible beautifying remedies. Instead of using the cream mentioned, why not soak your hands in hot olive oil for fifteen minutes each day. This will plump them. See Margaret D.

E. B. C.—I think your weight is about right. See L. N. and Edna as to those annoying moles. Margaret D. soaked her hands in hot olive oil and says it made them plump, soft and white. Why not do likewise? The blood is very apt to rush to the hands when the arms are down.

Miss Matilda.—I know orris root hurts the hair, because I tried it six years ago and lost most of my hair as the result. Hot water is not for constipation, it is for the blood. It is a bad idea to get into the habit of taking cathartics every day. They only make a bad matter worse.

Elaine.—I wouldn't take Casare tablets unless I was troubled with constipation. That is what they are for. You should keep up the hot water for three or four months, if you want to purify your blood and get rid of the pimples. I should also advise your steaming your face with Sulphur. Put a strip of tin over a copper kettle full of boiling water. On the tin put a hot chima saucer full of sulphur, now throw a towel over your head and steam your face. Do this once a week. Don't use too much borax. It dries the skin. When washing your hair, only use one level teaspoonful of borax. Massage your scalp each night with vaseline. This will make the hair grow in.

Trice.—You are a little run down and I advise the Milk Diet. Take four quarts a day and one meal. You get ordinary daily milk unless you have cows. You should weigh more, and the milk will do this and also increase your bust measurement. See Elaine for treatment for pimples.

Miss Maude D.—As you are troubled so with pimples, I should advise your starting a blood purifying crusade. First swear off on candies, pies, cakes, puddings, gravies, rich salads, coffee and tea (milk is fine for you) cocoa and chocolate. Eat plenty of vegetables, beefsteak, chicken and bacon. Do not eat fried food as it is hard to digest and contains little nourishment. Take a bath every day in which two or three handfuls of coarse salt have been thrown. Take exercise outdoors. Now drink hot water, two cups in the morning half an hour before breakfast, two cups before lunch, two before dinner and two before going to bed. Put the juice of one lemon in the first cup of hot water in the morning. This works on your liver and improves your digestion. Keep this up for six months. Try the sulphur steam bath once a week. Keep your face thoroughly clean with Beauty Bals and water. Remember that you have been troubled this way for eight years, and it will probably take six or seven months to get rid of these pimples, perhaps even longer. And don't skip this treatment one week and begin the next, or it will do no good.

W. E. A.—See reply to Miss Maude D. As to weight give up eating and drink one and one half to two quarts of milk each day. Nothing else. This will reduce you and is not injurious. You can also eat salted crackers.

Nancy L. H.—To get rid of blackheads you must be careful to wash your face every night before going to bed, with soap and not water, after which massage face with skin food. Twice a week after washing your face with soap and hot water at night, spread soap jelly over your face and let it stay for fifteen minutes. Then wash off with tepid water and follow this with the usual massage. On alternate days use this lotion on blackheads: Subcarbonate of soda thirty-six grains, distilled water eight ounces, essence of roses six drops. Soap jelly is made by slicing a cake of Castile soap into a quart of boiling water into which a teaspoonful of powdered borax has been thrown. Let this cook on stove until it forms a jelly, then set away to cool and use as wanted. From your description I imagine you have moth patches. If so use this lotion: One half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Mop this on spots night and morning. These applications should be made carefully. You do not weigh enough. Drink milk.

Ella C.—As you have had erysipelas and as a consequence your skin is very tender, I do not think it would be wise to use the ammonia. You could have the hair removed by electricity, but it is very expensive. I am sorry I cannot help you.

Isabel E. Kansas.—Peroxide of Hydrogen does not kill hair, it simply bleaches it so it is not so noticeable. As you have pimples on your face you must get rid of them before using ammonia as a hair killer. See reply to Miss Maude D. Peroxide of Hydrogen is a very good mouth wash. Directions are on the bottle.

Mrs. Charles M. and others interested in superfluous hair remover.—You can use the ammonia and peroxide hair if you haven't a sensitive skin. It takes from three to eight months to kill the hair by this treatment. The length of time varies with different cases. You must get pure ammonia, not washing ammonia. A friend of mine tried it and was successful; that is how I heard of it. If your skin becomes tender from the use of the ammonia only use it every third day. The peroxide bleaches and dries the hair and the ammonia gradually kills the little hair roots. You must not drink the ammonia or peroxide, merely dampen the hairy places with the liquid.

Violet. Hollows and dark places under the eyes might come from several causes, such as liver trouble, eye strain or an anemic state of the blood. I would see an oculist, as in all probability you have eye trouble. Use the ammonia every day if it doesn't hurt your skin.

Mig.—I'm sorry but I never heard of the rouge you mention.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## The Care of Guinea-fowls

**G**UINEA-FOWLS are becoming quite fashionable nowadays. The ordinary speckled variety are to be seen in the best markets of all the large cities, and are used extensively in restaurants and hotels, to take the place of game, which is yearly becoming more scarce. The pure white variety has become popular with people who have country homes in suburban districts, for the birds, with their white plumage and bright red heads, are ornamental and attractive, and improve the appearance of a lawn. Though small, they don't scratch, as do ordinary chickens, and so can be given the freedom of the garden at all seasons of the year; so the poultry man or woman who cares to add these birds to their stock will find them very profitable, especially if they happen to live near a settlement of summer homes.

They are naturally extremely shy and suspicious of strangers, but readily succumb to patient coaxing, and their confidence once gained, they become friendly and devoted, guarding the place with the watchful care of a good dog; in fact, so far as the poultry is concerned, they are more useful, for they seem to possess intuition of the hawk's approach, and their shrill cry frightens the chicken-thieves more effectually than a gun.

A trio of the ordinary speckled guineas cost about two dollars; the pure white perhaps three—not more—and should be purchased in the fall or winter, so that they will have time to become perfectly familiar with their surroundings before nesting time. They need no special house, all that is necessary for their comfort being a roost high up in a shed. If left to themselves they take to the trees, and in all probability will get frozen if the winters should be very severe, so the safest plan with new birds is to cover the front of a shed with two-inch wire netting, just tacking it up lightly, so that it can easily be removed at the end of two or three weeks, when they are accustomed to their new quarters.

While they are prisoners, feed the trio two or three times a day, about half a pint of mixed wheat and cracked corn night and morning, and at noon about half the quantity of grain, with a little chopped meat or ground bone alternating with vegetables. All this food should be cut quite small, or the guineas will not eat it. Like other birds, they must have a constant supply of sharp grit and fresh water.

As a market commodity they have been growing in favor during the last five years, to take the place of game during the closed season.

Guinea-fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree, or fence-post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guineas seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure there being no telltale clues left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicion.

When you have fifteen soft eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on one side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest-box inside (at one end) of another box, two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking-pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guineas are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea-eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest-boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks and crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites and have such capacities for getting through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knot-hole or some depression in the ground has escaped your vigilance and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

## Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 a. m.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 a. m.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11:30 a. m.—Chopped onion-tops, half a cup of corn meal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumbly.

Fourth feed, 2 p. m.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than it is when bought.

Fifth feed, 5 p. m.—Liver that has been half-boiled; cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs—but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard-seed crushed and fed in soft wood. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will allow only the beak to get wet.

## Correspondence

**H. L.**—Will you tell me how to grow bulbs in the house for Easter flowering? I know this question does not belong to poultry, but I saw a piece you had written about bulbs and house-plants in some other paper, and I think that perhaps you will help me, as I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, and an interested reader of the poultry column.

**A.**—You are quite right. I am willing and glad to give our subscribers any help in my power, no matter what the subject, so long as I know enough about it to make my advice serviceable. (Continued) Narcissus, snowdrop, crocuses, hyacinths, and Chinese lilies are all good for house culture, and can be grown in earth, moss or water, though I think that fibrous earth is the best material to use. For several years I planted bulbs in August or September for Christmas

flowering, and in October or November for Easter. The principal points about culture are: First, to get good sound bulbs. It is better always to send to well-established seedsmen and pay a fair price, than for cheap bulbs which may have been out of the ground so long that they have lost all vitality. If earth is used, put a few pieces of broken crock or cinders at the bottom of a six-inch pot. Lay them in flat; for there is no necessity to have drainage, as in the case of other plants. Fill the pot loosely with rich fibrous earth. I make these by cutting away the under part of coarse soda, and mixing with it clean sharp sand; and if you collect the sand from a river bottom be sure and wash it through several waters before mixing it with the soil. Press the bulb into the center of the earth until it is about half an inch below the surface. Water very thoroughly, to insure the earth being saturated with moisture. Four or five snowdrops or crocus bulbs can be put into one six-inch pot, but it is much better for the small plants, to buy what florists call "dishes," which are really pots, from two to three inches high, and round or square in shape. Stand the pots containing the bulbs in a shallow box which has a layer of moss from two to three inches deep at the bottom. Then set the box in a dark cupboard, where an even moderate temperature can be maintained. Look at them occasionally and water slightly if it seems necessary, for they must be kept just moist. In about six or eight weeks the pots will be full of roots, and should then be brought into the light, to encourage top-growth. At first a north window—and slightly shaded—is best, but after a few days, when the leaves are two or three inches high, remove to brighter light, where the sun can get some sun. The secret of having good and bright-colored flowers is in keeping the plants in the dark until the roots are thoroughly developed; for if put immediately into a light window after potting, they will develop top-growth more rapidly than root-growth; the result being that the plant is never sufficiently fed, and will appear sickly even if it develops flowers at all. I know a lady who makes fancy baskets and boxes of willow or bark during the summer, fills them with bulbs early in the fall, and at Easter sells them for two or three dollars each.

**M. H.**—Has been losing little chicks. Chicks seem hungry, but can't swallow. Crops are filled with frothy water, and they eventually die. Some of the hens have sore mouths, on which she has used alum and coal tar. One hen was examined after death, and found to have enlarged liver covered with spots. M. H.'s neighbor has had hens and chicks affected in the same way.

**A.**—Judging from the method of feeding which you outline in your letter, it proves that you have been in the habit of using a great deal of mash food, boiled buckwheat, corn bread, corn meal and milk, or starch and clogging foods. So I think the trouble has been acute indigestion in the old birds, which has caused their eggs to be wanting in vitality. You know, unless the egg contains the right ingredients, it can't develop a healthy chick, and if a hen is given food which forms fat only, it is impossible for her eggs to hold the necessary ingredients for bone and fiber, and the chicks hatched from such eggs will surely be weak constitutionally, and when they in turn are fed in the same way, it is really a hopeless task to try and rear them. As all your old birds are undoubtedly in a poor condition, I should advise you to gradually kill off, and either buy new hens early in the spring, or eggs for hatching from some farm where you know the fowls to be healthy. Feed your old hens, feed a moderate mash of equal parts of oats and corn and bran three times a week, and chopped steamed clover hay mixed with ground corn and oats, four mornings in the week; whole winter oats at noon, and corn for supper. If the birds are in yards, see that they have plenty of corn feed and grit.

**A. L. G.**—Please help my poor little chicks. I was careless about the mother hen, and the chicks have been infested with lice. I tried Dr. Lister's lice-killer, but it did no good, so I greased their heads. The day after it rained, and though their coop was tight and dry, they ran out as soon as the rain stopped, and got very wet. The next morning one was dead, four sleepy and hardly able to stand, and the whole clutch sick. At the back of their heads, just above the wings, they had a hard, foul crust, which smelt worse than any rotten eggs. I bathed it off with warm water, and dusted starch on the sore places, as the down had all come off, and they looked as if they had been scalded. Their joints were stiff, and they wanted to sleep all the time. They ate well, but were wild for water. Their crops were stuffed, so I gave them nux vomica for indigestion, and carbolic in the drinking water. I have raised a number of chickens, but I never saw anything like this before.

**A.**—Truly such a condition is puzzling, especially as I gathered from your letter that the entire clutch were affected exactly in the same way at the same time. The only solution that I can suggest is, that the grease that you put on their heads did not lodge on their shoulders, where in all probability there was a collection of the insect powder, and that the grease dissolved and brought into action some ingredient of the powder, such as lime or dry carbolic acid, which burned into the skin and caused the sore. It is not safe to use insect powder of any sort on very young chicks. For the future, powder the hen before you set her—twice during the time of incubation, the last application about the sixteenth day. Use a perfectly clean nest-box which has been painted with kerosene oil, and when the hatch comes off, move the family to a clean, disinfected brood-coop. Then put a small box-run in front of the coop, with a good layer of sweepings from the hay-mow, or dig up a little soil near the coop for the chicks to scratch in. Exercise and dry food, given in small quantities, and about every two hours during the first nine days of their lives, will prevent any possibility of stuffed crops. It is better to prevent indigestion than to try dosing baby creatures.

**C. B. G.**—I have had nice-looking hens all summer, but now they seem to be losing their feathers and have stopped laying. What is it called? I never had chickens until this year, so don't know much about them.

**A.**—You needn't worry. It is nothing but the annual moult, which all birds have. Feed well, and add a tea-spoonful of oil meal to every quart of mash. In a few weeks your hens will have a new coat of feathers and be laying as well as ever.

**O. J.**—Can you tell me how many squab a pair of pigeons will raise in a year, and at what age squab are marketed?

**A.**—Homer pigeons are the best breed for squab-raising, as the squabs are larger and have a better appearance for market. A conservative estimate is five pair of squab from each pair of Homers, that is, when the birds are well housed and few. Squabs are marketed when about four weeks old, or just before they are ready to leave the nest. Each pair of mature pigeons must have two nests, as the hen-bird lays and commences to set on the second clutch before the first.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

**Mrs. J. E. C.**—As you do not say if you are tall or short, or if your face is broad or narrow, I cannot give very good advice as to hairdressing. A pompadour is becoming to nearly everyone. Try waving your hair on hair pins, and it will go up more easily. You can your skin in sunburn or salve. If the first try horseradish lotion given to Mrs. Mane.

**A.**—Homer pigeons are the best breed for squab-raising, as the squabs are larger and have a better appearance for market. A conservative estimate is five pair of squab from each pair of Homers, that is, when the birds are well housed and few. Squabs are marketed when about four weeks old, or just before they are ready to leave the nest. Each pair of mature pigeons must have two nests, as the hen-bird lays and commences to set on the second clutch before the first.

**L. M. C.**—Thin your thick lips by rubbing them with this: Melt one ounce of cold cream, add one grain each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips, let macerate over five hours, then strain through cheese cloth.

**Lizzie.**—Do not use tannin now. Massage your lips with cold cream or skin food.

**Dutch D.**—See reply to L. M. C. Rub lightly so as not to cause an irritation.

**Old Subscriber.**—Use this to restore gray hair to original color:

## Restorer for Grey Hair

Sulphate of iron, one dram; sulphur, one half dram; tincture of jaborandi, one ounce; extract of rosemary, four drams; extract of thyme, four drams; rectified spirits, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce; elderflower water, one pint.

Apply daily until color is restored.

**Mrs. A. R. S.**—You certainly are in trouble and as you have used massage and tonics and are treating your hair in a sensible manner, and no good results have appeared, why not use amla root? See answers to Pearl M. The curling fluid is not harmful especially, but why not let these things alone until your hair is in a good condition?

**Blue-eyed.**—See reply to Pearl M.

**Baby Navajo.**—See latter part of reply to Nancy L. H. Stop using the comb you mention and try this:

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Larkin Co. Peoria, Ill.

## Tonic to Increase Growth of Hair

Forty grains of resorcin, one ounce of water, one ounce each of witch hazel and alcohol.

Apply to scalp every night.

**Mrs. E. A. R.**—Instead of Peroxide use lotion given Mrs. Mane S.

**D. W. W.**—Reduce abdomen and hips by standing erect with arms stretched out straight in front of you. Now bend, keeping your knees perfectly rigid, until your finger tips touch the floor. Repeat this exercise for fifteen minutes, night and morning. You won't be able to touch the floor the first few days, but later you will.

**Dora, Gladys.**—Try treatment given to Merritt, only you can eat salted cracker, if you get hungry. You should weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Tell your sister to drink milk, sipping it slowly. It will make her gain.

**Mrs. A. M. S.**—New Mexico.—Do not reduce. It is just a phase of your condition. Be patient and it will pass away.

**Honey Dew.**—Answering your question No. 1, it does not enlarge pores. Answering question No. 2, I advise using the following for enlarged pores: Place in a half pint bottle one ounce of cream of tartar, half fill bottle with elderflower water and add two table-spoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and slowly add one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin. Fill bottle with elderflower water. This contracts enlarged pores and bleaches the face.

**A Reader.**—A red nose is caused either by impeded circulation or indigestion. Tight collars, coats, shoes, belts, etc., will cause a red nose. Blot out what causes yours and remove it. For a greasy nose try wiping every little while with a cloth dipped in alcohol, after which powder.

**Zelina.**—I advise you to consult a nose, eye and ear specialist (a good one). You may have an obstruction in your nose and it would have to be cut out. I had this done once and have never suffered from so-called catarrh since. The Milk Diet would do no good. What a pretty name you have.

**Vivian L.**—You might try vigorous massage with aromatic vinegar. It might reduce your ankles, but I won't guarantee it.

**Brown-eyed, Kansas.**—You should weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Take the Milk Diet and you will gain. No, you can't do anything with your hip, except pad it.

**Mrs. Josie.**—Hot water does not plumpen. It merely purifies the blood and gives one a clear skin. As you can't get the toilet vinegar use this:

## Restringent to Reduce Bust

Rub the breasts every night with this: Aristol, two grains; white vaseline, thirty grains; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Then cover with compressed wet with two grains of alum; acetate of lead, thirty grains; distilled water, four hundred grains. This treatment takes several months. I do not recommend it.

Address all letters containing questions to

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</div

# A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Albert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unanswered. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Harriett visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nine Harriett. Noel Harriett will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert" "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invited Noel Harriett to Calvary House. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nine Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the clothes, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished.

Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the message to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Harriett offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Harriett shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Harriett calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Eliza realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from Noel his determination to resign his senateship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Harriett. Her father warns her of bitter consequences.

Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senateship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother!" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Eliza's assurance that Mr. Harriett will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one can afford. Eliza goes to walk. Harriett finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Alex-les-Bains and he realizes an unexpressed annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Harriett to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Eliza break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgoes everything. Eliza and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Eliza fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Harriett from his proposed Polar trip. Eliza receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Harriett's future plans. Eliza hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Eliza will be home soon." Harriett is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying exacts an oath from Harriett, that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Eliza's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and no wife.

CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED.)

**S**HE had grown ghastly pale, and her lips fluttered. In the brief silence a sick child's fretful cry rolled through the adjoining sleeper, then the train thundered into a tunnel.

"Mr. Harriett I am so utterly miserable! cruel words even from you, no longer have power to wound me. I—" She laughed nervously, and sat upright.

"My worse than useless appeal to your mercy reminds me of a picture of the Deluge I once saw, when I was a happy child. A drowning woman clung to the edge of an open window in the ark, begging succor, and Noah leaned out and pried off her grasping hands, smiting her back into hungry waves. I shall obey your wishes, Mr. Harriett, in all but one step you have suggested. I do not believe in the validity of divorces. Vows made to God can never be cancelled by civil processes. A consecrated minister is not a mere notary public to attest signatures to a deed. My marriage is forever sacred as my baptism; my covenant in His sight, in His holy name stands always—'till death us do part.' You shall be as free as you wish. You need never see me again, but so long as I live I intend to hold myself your wife."

"Will you do me the kindness to hand me your ring?"

She drew it from her finger and held it toward him. He turned it slowly, smiling bitterly.

"You have not seen the inscription, 'Till death us do part.' The sight of it must be an unpleasant reminder, and I hope and ask that you will never wear it. As a worthless symbol of what no longer exists allow me to throw it away."

"Just as you please; only remember you have no right to do so, it is mine. If it were cast into the ocean, I should never cease to feel its seafaring clasp on my finger."

He laid it on the seat beside her, and she replaced it on her hand. He looked at his watch.

"It will soon be daylight. I am going into the smoking car. Perhaps you can rest. Shall I send the porter?"

"No. I could not sleep."

He went out, closing the door carefully.

With a smothered groan she sank back, and beat her palms against each other. Humiliated, sorely wounded, yet indignant—almost hopeless, but defiant—she stubbornly refused to despair until she had exhausted every means at her command.

After a while she knelt down and prayed God's help in her mission to save her father. She never knew that the door had glided noiselessly half way in its groove and that Mr. Harriett stood there to ask if she needed anything. He saw the figure bowed in prayer, and stole away as softly as he came. The strain was telling upon her quivering nerves. Hysterical aching in her throat, parched and dry, was almost intolerable, and the swaying carnations so burdened the air that when she rose her head swam.

After an hour she struggled to her feet. If she had some water it might cool her throat. From her satchel she took a cup, opened the door, and supporting herself by one hand on the wall of the car, she walked down the narrow pas-

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

sage, where she knew the water-tank stood near the porter's seat. Before she reached it she saw Mr. Harriett leaning sideways against the glass door opening on the platform. Just then the brakeman raised his lantern, and the flash showed a hopelessly sad face sternly set under the close-fitting traveling cap. As she turned back, he saw her and advanced.

"What do you wish?"

She held out the cup.

"Some water, please."

She reeled, clutched at the wall, and for an instant everything spun round. He placed her in the porter's folding chair, and when he held the cup to her mouth saw that her teeth chattered. She drank spasmodically, and a long shuddering sigh drifted across her white lips.

"You must lie down and rest. The porter will arrange your berth."

She shook her head and rose.

"You cannot walk alone; lean on me."

"Yes, I can help myself now. I was thirsty and dizzy."

She drew back, but he put his arm around her, holding her firmly against him, and placed her on the seat in the drawing-room. She pointed to the carnations.

"The perfume is overpowering. I can't reach them. Please take them out."

Lifting an arm he snapped the string.

"Like every other souvenir and symbol of tonight, they are simply sickening."

Raising the window he threw the flowers into a river across which the locomotive was cautiously feeling its way. He opened his own satchel, leaning against hers on the opposite seat, took out a silver flask, and poured some ruby, aromatic liquid into the cup.

"You are sadly spent; take this."

"No, I do not need anything more."

"You must. It is merely a mild cocktail."

"No, Mr. Harriett, I prefer not."

"A few hours ago did you swear to obey me? Drink it."

She hid her face in her hand and shivered.

"Eliza, try to control yourself."

"Please don't take any trouble on my account,

hamlets, meadows, fields, bridges, the looming shadow of a wooded mountain fled past as the train rocked, hummed, and flew on. Looking up at the quiet heavens, Eliza lifted her hands and heart in passionate appeal.

"Dear God, have mercy upon us! If I did wrong, forgive my sin. Help me now to save my poor unfortunate father, and I will strive to be a better Christian all the remainder of my days."

At eight o'clock a waiter brought her breakfast. Later, when Mr. Harriett came in, it was evident he had mastered himself; the fury of white heat had chilled to cold steel. He was very pale, and an unusual rigidity locked his features.

"You must be very tired of this close place, and I am glad we shall change cars. It is a fine day, and the scenery along the route will interest you. Here is our train. Give me your wrap and satchel."

The change was into a parlor car with fresh, linen-covered revolving chairs, and wide windows framing lovely spring pastorals—sheep on a green hillside, cattle knee deep in rock-bedded crystal streams, and everywhere the busy world west building.

Eliza drew a deep breath of relief, and, as Mr. Harriett pushed a hassock under her feet, she looked up at him.

"Thank you. Will you be so kind as to take me when we shall reach the place where your ward lives?"

"I think the train has about made up lost time, and we are due at Woodbury at half-past six. It is not on the trunk line, and we take a narrow gauge just beyond Carville."

Both wound their watches, and then, liberally supplied with magazines and papers, settled comfortably in adjoining seats. She was the only woman in the car, and a dozen men were scattered about, a few playing cards, some dozing, others absorbed in newspapers.

Mr. Harriett sat in front of his companion, his chair turned half around and toward the window. After a time he took from his satchel a folded chart and note-book. Spreading the

knees, trotted it, patted it, but with no quieting success, and, when the engine blew long and loud for a bridge crossing, the frightened child screamed distressingly.

The officer rose.

"I am sorry to annoy the passengers, but the nurse has been taken so ill she cannot hold her head up, and as the boy cries to go to her I was obliged to bring him in here. He never saw me until last night. I was on a cruise when his poor mother died."

Once more he essayed to whistle, and swayed to and fro with a rocking motion, but finally despaired, he turned to a young man in a neighboring chair, who was smiling over a cartoon in "Puck."

"Sir, would you do me the great kindness to hold him just a moment, while I get something from his nurse?"

"All right, I will try; but I happen to be a bachelor, and I never held a baby in my life. Come on, little man. Some day you surely will make a star screamer in opera. Now for it, sonny."

He held out his arms, but, as the father attempted to transfer the boy, the sight of another strange face increased his terror; the little hands grasped the officer's beard, and the baby shrieked in protest.

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Eliza rose and crossed the car.

"He is accustomed to women; perhaps I can quiet him. Will you allow me to try?"

"O, thank you, madam!"

She took one little hand, caressed it, toyed with the fingers, and cooed as only women can. After a moment the child ceased crying, and when very gently she took it and laid it up against her shoulder the little creature nestled close to her. His suspicion, however, was not entirely allayed. Suddenly he lifted his head, stared curiously into her face, and when she laid her cheek on his, wet with tears, he seemed reassured, and clung to her, his lips touching her throat.

The young man leaned over and whispered to a friend in the chair before him.

"He shows good taste in picking his nurse. Is not she a beauty? I have been watching that handsome couple, and things are not serene in their camp. I was near him in the smoker, and his face looked like a brownstone statue with live wild-cat eyes."

Eliza walked slowly up and down the aisle, humming low and very softly "Luchen's 'Schlummerli.' Now and then the child sobbed faintly.

The officer came back with a bottle of milk, but, as he hurried forward, Eliza shook her head. After a little while the exhausted baby slept soundly.

"Madam, I cannot thank you sufficiently for your goodness. I will relieve you now, and I trust the passengers will excuse the annoyance."

"Let me keep him a while; he still sobs now and then, and if I moved might wake. A good nap will quiet his nerves."

"It is too great a tax on you, madam."

"When I am tired, I shall bring him to you."

"In a half hour we get home, and since you are so very kind, I will help the nurse arrange luggage for our station."

Eliza went back to her own chair, and holding the little creature with her right arm softly patted him with her left hand. At every motion the wedding ring flashed like a dancing demon in Mr. Harriett's watching eyes.

"Poor little chap. Did you mesmerize him?"

"I think there is telepathy in great trouble. He feels intuitively that someone else is suffering torture, and a fellow feeling drew him to me."

She avoided looking at him, and her eyes followed the evolutions of a flock of white geese holding regatta in a pond close to the railway track.

After some moments, she cautiously and tenderly laid her muslin-clad burden in her lap, and smoothed out the long lace-ruffled robe. With a start one little hand was thrown up, but she caught and held it. He was a handsome boy, and when she fastened the lace cap, too tight at his throat, his honey yellow locks enhanced his beauty.

The sight of the baby fingers clinging to the hand where the gold band shone renewed the struggle Mr. Harriett was trying to crush.

Leaning toward her, he said:

"Last night, at your request, I stifled my re-pugnance, and did what I deeply regret. Today I must ask you for the only favor you can ever grant me. Give me back my ring."

There was an angry pant in his voice that made the words a demand rather than a request.

"Mr. Harriett, I am sorry to refuse any wish of yours; but I cannot."

"I want it."

She held steadily at him.

"So do I. When I die it will be where you placed it; but in the coffin human covenants end, and I will order it sent to you by those who lay me in the grave. My ring is the badge of my loyalty—not yours. You are as free as you wish to be, but when I meet my God He will know I kept my marriage vows—always."

"And the supreme vow was to love me!"

From the fury in his eyes she did not flinch.

"Yes, I intended to keep all. I thought I might learn to love you; and that you would

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be patient with me. I wanted to love you, and as God hears me, I meant to spend my life trying to love you."

Unable to restrain words he was unwilling to utter, he sprang up and took refuge on the front platform.

A prolonged whistle of the engine announced the next stop, and the baby awoke with a startled cry, just as his father entered, followed by the nurse, a middle-aged woman who looked too ill to stand. Eliza rose and laid the child in her arms.

# The Message of the Flame

## A Thanksgiving Story

Written for Comfort by Fred F. Fitch

**P**HEBE ANN'S tender heart was strained nearly to bursting, but she bravely forced back the rising tears and placed her hand tenderly upon the bowed head of the grief-stricken man, patting and stroking the thick hair lovingly.

"There, Stillman," she said soothingly, repressing with effort the catch in her voice, "don't take it so hard."

The young man, hopelessness and dejection written in every line of his bowed and huddled form, in the bent head clasped between the trembling hands, and in the care-lined face that he raised to her, threw out his hands in a gesture of despair.

"How else can I take it?" he demanded bitterly. "Everyone's hand is against us—God's, man's, and the devil's. First comes the drought, and the crops fail; then sickness, and the stock dies; then the timber burns, and our last source of revenue is taken from us; and now comes the mortgage—due tomorrow, and not even the interest money at hand. How would I take it, but hard?" he demanded again, rising hastily and pacing the floor impatiently, even wildly.

"There's father and mother, old and feeble, asking only for a roof to shelter them and a few crumbs to feed them in their declining years, and I," stretching out his sinewy arms in passionate evidence, "strong, able, and hearty—I have to stand idly by and see sorrow and poverty settle upon them in their last days—Everyone is against us," he repeated bitterly.

"Don't say that," the girl cried reproachfully. "Don't say that everyone is against you. I can't do much, but you know that I—" and she fell into a passion of sobbing, unable to finish.

The young man's face softened. "Forgive me, Phebe Ann," he said tenderly, drawing her to him, and gently forcing the little hands from her tear-stained face. "I didn't realize what I was saying—There, don't cry. I know you're the best little girl in the world, and I love you, Phebe Ann. I've never told you so before, because I didn't think I had the right, we being so poor and things going against us, so but now, even though calamity is upon us, I can't keep quiet any longer. I know I'm selfish, but in my trouble I want someone to love and cheer me."

The girl smiled up at him happily. "Dear Stillman," she said, her eyes shining through her tears, "I'm glad you've told me this. I'm not afraid of poverty—I'm not afraid of anything that may happen—if I have you. Ever since your dear father saved me from the poor-farm and brought me here to live, I've loved you. Yes, even when I was only a little mite of an orphan baby. I haven't forgotten how good you have always been to me, nor the kindnesses you did me when you were prosperous, and now I'm proud to know that I can help you. I'll work and dig, and together we'll make a home for the old folks and ourselves."

Then, with all the skill at her command she gently led his thoughts away from the impending disaster, and through her tender ministrations he soon became absorbed in hopeful contemplation of the bright future that she outlined. She called attention to his youth, his strength, his energy, and to her own loving intentions.

"Why, Stillman," she said laughingly, "the world is at our feet. With health, industry, and determination, there is nothing that we cannot accomplish."

"Yes, Phebe Ann," he agreed hopefully, "but I cannot condemn you to the life of drudgery that you are so willing to embrace. No," he said determinedly, in reply to her protestations. "I've told you that I love you—although perhaps I shouldn't have done so—and we'll be married some day—just as soon as circumstances will permit. But it won't be until I've made a home for you." His face darkened gloomily. "I've got to go away—to the city, I expect. There's nothing here. If it were summer there'd be a little work to do for the neighbors, but now there's nothing. There's no use thinking about staying here. The farm's all run down and the buildings are falling to pieces—And for years this was the best farm in the township," he commented bitterly. "Well, you can't do anything without money. Perhaps if things hadn't gone against us—but there's no use talking about that. I've got a little money saved, Phebe Ann—enough to keep you and the old folks through the winter, and I'll go to the city and earn the money to start again."

He walked to the window and stood for some time gazing sadly out across the familiar fields, now whitened by a sifting snow, the first of the winter. She joined him there, slipping her hand into his and pressing his big fingers encouragingly. His arm stole gently around her, and they stood there silently, in subdued happiness and loving communion.

"Well," he said finally, turning reluctantly away, "let's go in to supper. I shall not tell them until after tomorrow. I'll not spoil their Thanksgiving day, although God knows they've got little enough to be thankful for."

She placed her fingers on his lips chidingly.

"You mustn't talk so, Stillman," she rebuked him gently. "They've got you—and that's a great deal," she added lovingly.

"And you," he supplemented tenderly, "and that's a great deal more."

In his mother's eyes shone a light of pride and tenderness when the two entered the sitting-room, which in the winter served also as a dining room. And, after placing a few sticks upon the fire, the son crossed to his mother, arranging the cushion at her back and disposing the knit shawl about her shoulders with loving care. The girl meantime bustled about arranging the table for supper, while the old folks babbled childishly, cheered by the presence of the younger ones.

The parents, too old to realize distinctly the full significance of the changes about them, and ignorant of the many disasters that had befallen them, drowsed away the days in cheerful confidence in the security of their position. And the son and Phebe Ann shielded them tenderly from the truth, bending to their slightest whim and plotting constantly to keep them within doors, lest they should stumble upon the empty granary and desolated stable, and a realization of the poverty that confronted them.

These were the considerations that cut so deep and seared the young man's over-tender conscience, for he had morosely taken to himself much of the blame for the series of calamities that, through no fault of his, had fallen upon them. But, as he chattered inconsequently this Thanksgiving eve, he covered his sorrow with a smiling countenance and gave no sign of the struggle that raged within him.

"Yes, father," he replied to the old man's observation, "it is good to have snow for Thanksgiving seems more seasonal. Yes, everything is as tight as a drum. I've fed and bedded all the stock, and all the chores are done," thinking bitterly of the time of the few tasks that remained for his willing hands to do.

And when the supper dishes were cleared away and the old people had betaken themselves noddingly to bed, he and Phebe Ann sat long discussing the future, so dark in some spots and so bright in others, moderating their voices to soft whispers, so that the old folks might not be disturbed or catch the drift of the conversation.

And when the house had settled into quietness for the night, Stillman tossed wakefully, raving his plans, and dreading the plunge into the

unexplored depths before him; yet welcoming relief from the depression that had fallen upon him and all about him, and dreaming of wealth and conquest, and ultimate happiness with dear Phebe Ann.

So thinking, he finally dropped into a restless uneasy slumber. How long he slept, he could not tell, but he awoke suddenly and found himself sitting up in bed, his ears strained and his senses alert. He sat thus for some minutes, scarcely breathing, his keen senses tensioned to catch the faintest movement—of what, he could not say. Nor could he have told what he had expected to see or hear.

There was not the slightest sound to break the heavy silence, yet he felt some presence in the room, close beside him. He struck a light and with the sudden flare gazed apprehensively about.

But there was nothing to be seen, and after a time he again laid back and tried to sleep. Then, once more he sensed the mysterious presence.

"Get up—get up," something seemed to say. For a time he resisted. Then, to dispel the hallucination, he arose and striking several matches, one after another, searched the room carefully, even tiptoeing out into the silent hall and listening there. He neither found nor heard anything, however, and soon groped his stumbling way back into the room.

Then, when the last match had flickered out, he again felt that uncanny presence. It seemed as though someone walked beside him, so close as to almost brush his side, but when he swept the darkness with his outstretched arms, he encountered nothing. Yet the dreadful presence remained. Nothing was there, yet something walked beside him. The thought was appalling, and in sudden terror he shrank back against the wall, thinking to thus ward off the fearful thing. He could feel his scalp bristle, and a chill crept along his spine. Then came the impression, as of speech, although no word was uttered.

"Look out the window—Look out the window," it said, and dragging his stricken limbs across the room, the young man obeyed. Peering through the frost-encrusted panes, his eyes searched the darkness and fell at last upon a flickering light, dancing about the barnyard. With

such quick relief his fears fell from him, and he could have laughed aloud in reaction from his terror. It was some neighbor probably, upon whose household sudden illness had fallen, or at the worst, a midnight marauder.

Dressing quickly, he slipped silently down the stairs, stopping for an instant to snatch up his shotgun and satisfy himself that it was properly primed and loaded. Then he crept quietly past his slumbering parents' door, through the kitchen, and out into the open.

It had stopped snowing, but overhead thick clouds still scudded. There was but a faint reflected light from the snow-covered earth, and although the mysterious light still danced and flickered, he could not distinguish the bearer.

Then, as he advanced the light retreated before him.

Convinced now that he had some night prowler to deal with, he cocked the gun and braced himself forward. But still he could distinguish no human form—nothing but the dancing light before him, always at the same distance. He stopped and the light stopped. He advanced and the light advanced. And again he felt the cold chill of terror and the presence of someone near him.

Then, piqued by the mystery, he suddenly cast all fears aside and strode determinedly toward the swaying flame ahead. He knew now that it was no lantern or other light of human agency, but he was resolved to run it to earth, be it natural or supernatural. So, he trudged it across the snowclad fields, stopping now and then to listen intently for any sound. But silence reigned supreme, and the light stopped always when he did.

Finally, approaching a rock pile in the center of the pasture, the ghostly radiance faltered and hovered uncertainly over the rocky mound. This time Stillman pressed resolutely on and when he was nearly upon the dancing flame, with a loud report it disappeared, seemingly into the heart of the rock pile.

Skirting the mound cautiously, the young man searched carefully for some explanation of the mystery, but found nothing to reward his efforts.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that he had been the victim of some illusion or hallucination. Yet, he could have sworn that he had seen and followed the light—and still, common sense and reason were opposed to such improbabilities.

He finally succeeded in convincing himself that it was all a hideous nightmare, and, somewhat sheepishly he made his way back to the house and crept softly up-stairs and into bed.

He awoke the next morning much confused.

At first he found it difficult to decide whether his experience had been an actuality or merely a dream, but as he struggled back to wakefulness, the scattered half-burnt matches and the shotgun beside the bed convinced him that the adventure had been real. Determined then to investigate further, he arose and dressed, and after a brief toilet, went out into the barnyard, where he easily located his tracks in the light covering of snow.

Even then, his belief was shaken, for his were the only tracks, and obviously, the light could not have traveled without human assistance. He knew now, without question, that his midnight trip had not been a dream, but the absence of other signs convinced him that the light had been an illusion or a figment of his excited imagination. Yet, as he neared the rock pile his pulse quickened.

The foundation of this rock pile had been laid long before his recollection, and his grandfather, in clearing the land of the rocks that constantly worked through the surface, added his donation. And in later years Stillman and his father had from time to time contributed to this monument, erected to the family industry. The pinnacle of the pile was a large flat stone that he himself had placed there some few months before. And as he reached the mound he was startled to see that this stone was split in twain.

Hastily scrambling up the pile, he found that the capstone was indeed shattered and broken, but stranger still—it was scorched and blackened, as by an intense heat or a bolt of lightning.

Here then, was tangible proof that the ball of light had not been an illusion. It had led him to this spot and then disappeared into the rocks.

What did it mean?

Convinced now that some peculiar significance attached to this strange occurrence and determined to investigate further, he attacked the rock pile eagerly, and step by step traced the mark of the flame down through its center. Finally, when he had nearly reached the bottom and his search gave promise of being fruitless, he paused for breath and rustically contemplated the rocks strewn all about him. Reaction from his toils soiled him, and for an instant his disgust overwhelmed him.

"Yes, father," he replied to the old man's observation, "it is good to have snow for Thanksgiving seems more seasonal. Yes, everything is as tight as a drum. I've fed and bedded all the stock, and all the chores are done," thinking bitterly of the time of the few tasks that remained for his willing hands to do.

And when the supper dishes were cleared away and the old people had betaken themselves noddingly to bed, he and Phebe Ann sat long discussing the future, so dark in some spots and so bright in others, moderating their voices to soft whispers, so that the old folks might not be disturbed or catch the drift of the conversation.

So saying, he stooped again and cast aside the last layer of rocks. Then he straightened suddenly and rubbed his eyes in amazement. There, nestled in a hollow scooped in the ground, was a rusty iron kettle, its metal cover tied on with

not be good news to me. I don't want to hear it."

"But you must hear it," he cried, beside himself with doubt and anxiety. "Phebe Ann, you're rich," he blurted suddenly. And then he rapidly told her the story of his find. She listened, her face gone white and her lips trembling from the sudden shock. When he had finished her thoughts found tremulous voice.

"Why," she asked wonderingly. "Why, Stillman did you say that it was bad news to you?"

"Because," he answered despairingly, "you are rich and I am poor—a homeless vagrant today, and you will not marry such as me."

Her eyes flashed. "Give me the paper," she demanded. "There—" She tore the will to shreds and scattered the fragments upon the ground. Then the color returned to her cheeks, her eyes shone with a soft light, and a wonderful smile played about her lips. Her arms stole gently about his neck and she brought his face down close to hers.

"There, dear," she whispered, "the money is yours—ours together. The old folks need never know. We'll pay the mortgage and start anew—you and I—and the old folks."

"God bless you, Phebe Ann," he said brokenly. "Nay," she replied gently, "this is Thanksgiving day, Stillman, and the thanks belong to Him."

### ASTONISHING!!!

EXTRAORDINARY! SURPRISING! MAGNIFICENT! WONDERFUL! UNHEARD OF!

That's the way they all exclaim about our GREAT JUBILEE PRIZE OFFER on page 24. Of course it is all that and more too. You or anybody else never heard of such an alluring assortment of attractive prizes to arrest the attention and animate the activity of AMBITIOUS AMATEUR SUBSCRIPTION CANDIDATES, nor such rich remuneration to reward their energetic efforts. Of course, because it is OUR OWN ORIGINAL INVENTION ESPECIALLY DEVISED TO CELEBRATE OUR JUBILEE YEAR and give our clubraisers the greatest OPPORTUNITY OF THE CENTURY.

### A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

to your husband. Permit me to lay it on his chair."

"I was glad to have your pretty boy. It was a welcome incident in a very dreary day. Good morning, sir."

Mr. Herriott did not return until the second call for luncheon sounded through the train. He took her hat from the brass hook and held it toward her.

"I dare say you are sufficiently weary to welcome luncheon."

"Thank you, but I want absolutely nothing. I hope you will go without me."

He went out, but not to the dining car.

An hour later, when he came back, she had crossed the aisle to a vacant chair, raised the window, and, with an arm on the broad sill, rested her head there. She did not notice his entrance, and resuming his seat he opened a magazine.

Above the line of brass lattice that held packages, hats, and umbrellas ran a panel of mirrors, and in the section over his head was reflected the face and figure directly opposite. For the next hour he held the magazine open, but his eyes never left the mirror. Twice she looked at her watch without raising her head, and from the tense, strained fixedness of her features he knew she was nervously awaiting the ordeal at Woodbury; the final effort in her father's behalf, which he felt assured would prove futile. Conflicting emotions shook him, but nothing availed to abate the rage of his disappointment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription and read the next chapter when Noel in parting makes one request: "Put me out of your life—forget me and be happy."

# Danderine

Grows Hair

and we can

PROVE IT!



DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance,

as follows:

"When I began using Danderine my hair would not come to my shoulders and now it is away below my hips."

Another from Newark, N. J.

"I have been using Danderine regularly. When I first started to use it I had very little hair, now I have the most beautiful long and thick hair anyone would want to have."

NOW at all druggists in three sizes 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle

Danderine enjoys a greater sale than any other one preparation regardless of kind or brand, and it has a much greater sale than all of the other hair preparations in the world combined.

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL., with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.

Cut  
This  
Out





# THE STORY OF COMFORT

## A Sketch of Its Home and Its Founder and Publisher, and the Interesting History of the Inception and Growth of a Great and Successful Popular Enterprise



IN THE PASTURE.

**T**HE story of COMFORT, its birth, its wonderful growth and triumphant success, properly includes a brief description of its home, its environment, and especially a sketch of its enthusiastic and energetic founder and publisher whose genius constructed and has guided it through a remarkable career, and whose high-minded, charitable and sympathetic nature has animated its character and ever appealed to the noblest instincts of its multitude of readers.

COMFORT was founded by Mr. William Howard Gannett, its present publisher, in November, 1888, at Augusta, the beautiful and famous capital of the good old State of Maine which has produced so many great men of world-wide or national reputation that it has become proverb that "Maine's best crop is her men." What a record for a State! The sons of Maine are justly proud of such a reputation. Our limited space permits us to name only a very few of Maine's illustrious sons, such as Commodore Preble of the old navy; General O. O. Howard, the one-armed hero of the civil war and first chief of the Freedmen's Bureau and known as "the Christian soldier"; General J. L. Chamberlain, commander at Little Round Top, the turning point of the great three-days' battle of Gettysburg; Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President during Lincoln's first term; William Pitt Fessenden, who gave the casting vote in the United States Senate which decided the fate of President Andrew Johnson's great impeachment trial; Thomas B. Reed, the greatest speaker of the National House of Representatives; United States Senator William P. Frye, whom President McKinley appointed chairman of the commission which negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain; John S. C. Abbott, the historian; Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Henry W. Longfellow, the poet laureate of America.

Maine statesmen have always stood high in the councils of the Nation, and Maine has exerted an influence in national politics and legislation largely out of proportion to her relative importance as a State in point of population and wealth.

The sturdy character of the sons of Maine may perhaps be due in part to the prohibitory liquor law which Maine adopted more than half a century ago. Now her example is being followed in the wave of legislation for the prohibition of liquor which is sweeping over this country, north and south, east and west.

The limited scope of this article precludes even an outline of the glorious annals of Maine extending back into the old days of the French and Indian wars between Canada and the British-American colonies, when Maine, as the frontier colony of New England, with her territory claimed by both the great warring powers and at that time possessed in part by both, became the battleground of those most cruel and savage wars of conquest and extermination, in which her sturdy pioneers in defense of their new homes, fought the allied French and Indians with a desperate courage, and suffered with a sublime fortitude unsurpassed in history.

Attracted by her valuable sea fisheries, both French and British colonists settled on her coast at a very early date, and in 1607, thirteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, the British colonists near the mouth of the Kennebec river, Maine, forty miles below Augusta, launched the schooner "Virginia of Sagadahoc," the first vessel ever built on the American continent. This remarkable vessel crossed the Atlantic carrying back to England a part of the colonists who built her. Maine has always been famous for her shipbuilding, and today, only ten miles up the river from the spot where the first vessel in America was launched, stands the city of Bath, whose chief industry is shipbuilding. Here the splendid battleship Georgia and many other fine ships of the new navy were built.

Maine is a beautiful State. Her wonderful hundred-harbor seaboard two hundred and thirty miles in extent measuring in a straight line between extremities, but so deeply indented by bays, harbors and coves that following round the shore line it measures twenty-five hundred miles, and fringed and protected to seaward by its thousand beautiful islands with deep water between them and the mainland, forms a yachtsman's and summer tourist's paradise of such charming loveliness as is equalled only by the dignity of mountains, interlaced with deep clear rivers and innumerable sparkling streams, and interpersed with the more than a thousand lakes and ponds whose crystal waters cover one seventh of the area of the State and furnish rare sport for the fisherman and enormous water power which turns the wheels of many and



THE CAPITOL OF MAINE.

varied industries, among the most important of which is the manufacture of paper of all kinds from the spruce trees, which are floated down the rivers from the northern forests to the mills. Maine is one of the foremost states in the manufacture of paper, and it is no small advantage to COMFORT, using only a little less than two hundred tons of paper a month, to be located in the very heart of the paper-making industry.

Maine is a good place to live in and to do business, as is evidenced by the many manufacturers who are prospering in so many lines of industry here. Although the winters are cold, the air is clear, bright and exhilarating and conducive to health and work, while the perfect summer climate attracts a hundred thousand tourists to Maine each summer to spend their vacations and recuperate their health.

Although in Maine millionaires are less common paupers are less numerous than in some of the states, and the wealth of the State is more evenly distributed among the people. The climate, natural environments and social conditions in Maine exert a healthy influence on mind and body.

COMFORT's publisher is the son of Joseph Farley Gannett and was born in Augusta, February 10, 1854. On both his father's and mother's side his ancestry is among the oldest in New England and in each generation includes men conspicuous for their ability and enterprise, leaders in their respective communities and prominent in public affairs.

His grandfather, Major Barzillai Gannett, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1785, moved to Gardiner, Maine, where he became a man of great influence, holding various town and county offices, was a State senator and in 1807 a member of Congress. His great-grandfather, Joseph Gannett, was a captain in the Revolution. Through his mother, Mary E. Patterson, he is descended from the Pattersons and Howards, literally two of the first families of this city, whose progenitors were distinguished

on a large fireproof addition to the latter building. Soon COMFORT's circulation reached 1,250,000, the largest in the world, and has been maintained at that figure ever since. The unprecedented success of this publication is not the result of luck or chance. It is due to Mr. Gannett's enterprise and keen business foresight. COMFORT was designed to circulate among the plain people and Mr.

Gannett seems to have an intuitive knowledge of their wants and how to touch a responsive chord in their hearts wherein he has laid the foundation of his achievements. He has originated and boldly put into practice new ideas and new methods which others have imitated. Many have followed where he has led. For instance, he originated the idea of printing parts of his paper in colors and determined to do so although at that time there was no color press the world that could print his paper in a month. So in

1890 the circulation of

COMFORT had reached the million mark, and the paper was being printed on one of the largest web-printing presses in the world, built to order especially for COMFORT. In 1891, the business had outgrown the building and plant which Mr. Gannett had bought and fitted up on Willow street on land originally owned by his great-great-grandfather, Captain Howard, and so for its accommodation he built a large brick block adjoining the first building, and later

still own and occupy the old home. Above and to the right of the family group is a picture of the Blaine mansion taken by a member of COMFORT's staff in the fall of 1904, just at the moment that President Roosevelt was coming out of the house to address the people of Augusta from the doorsteps. If you study the picture carefully you can make out the figure of the President.

Besides its public institutions, interesting public buildings and beautiful private residences, Augusta has many thriving industries, large and small, which make it a busy and prosperous place. Among the most important should be mentioned the large cotton mill, the two large wood-working mills, the large shoe factory and the large wood-pulp and paper mill.

Just below and to the right of the family group is the six-story building owned by the Augusta Trust Company, whose

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# Virgie's Inheritance

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XLVI.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

ADY LINTON's letter was handed to her by the butler just as she was sitting down to lunch.

She broke the seal absently, and began to read in a listless, preoccupied way, when all at once she uttered a startled exclamation, and the paper dropped from her nerveless fingers upon the table.

"Why, mamma, what is it? You are as pale as a ghost. Is Cousin William worse or—dead?" exclaimed Lillian, regarding her mother with mingled curiosity and astonishment.

"No, but the strangest thing in the world has happened."

"It must be something strange to disturb your equanimity like this; but what is it?" inquired the girl, eagerly.

"Your Uncle William is going to be married!"

"You cannot mean it, mamma?—at last!" cried Lillian, amazed; then she added, with a gay laugh: "The dear old bachelor! Well, you will have your wish, after all. You have wanted him to marry for the last dozen years."

"Yes; and—I am glad—I am delighted!" replied Lady Linton, slowly, but with strange exultation in her voice, while her eyes gleamed with almost ferocious triumph.

"Well, I am astonished. I had given Uncle Will up as a hardened case," Lillian said, growing more and more surprised, as she considered the matter; "but do tell me who is the happy woman?"

"A niece of Lord Norton who has just died; you know we read of his death last week, and I have been wondering why your uncle did not write. This accounts for it," replied Lady Linton. Then taking up his letter, she continued: "I will read you what he says. The epistle is very brief, and does not sound like him at all, but I suppose we must excuse it under the circumstances."

"You will doubtless be surprised by the contents of this letter," he writes, 'and as I have much on my mind, I will simply state bare facts, leaving details until my return. You already know of my having taken my cousin's place as temporary amanuensis to Lord Norton. I was enabled to complete the manuscript for him the week before his death, which occurred on the ninth. But, during my visits to him, I met a niece of his, who, I may say is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. By his lordship's will she becomes the heiress to all his possessions, which consist of his fine estate called Englewood, here in Chester, besides a large amount of personal property. To make a long story short, however, I am going to make this lady my wife, and as I am too old to waste any time upon forms or so-called etiquette, we intend to be married immediately—that is, within the month—about the twenty-first, I think, after which we shall repair to Heathdale, where we shall quietly remain for the present. The wedding will be strictly private on account of his lordship's recent death and in compliance with the request of his niece. I will, however, notify you further of my plans before the twenty-first."

The epistle closed abruptly and rather formally, and Lady Linton's face was crimson as she concluded the reading of it.

"It is the most unheard of thing in the world!" she said, excitedly. "A private wedding—indeed—not even his own sister invited, and it is all so sudden that it fairly takes my breath away."

"They might at least have asked us to go to Englewood to witness the ceremony," Lillian observed, thoughtfully. "The letter doesn't sound a bit like Uncle Will."

"I suppose he is so taken up with his bride-elect that he has not much time or thought for anyone else; but he might have told us something about her; he did not even mention her name; I suppose, however, we are to infer that she is Miss Norton. I wonder whether she is young or old?" Lady Linton said, in an injured tone, and looking both perplexed and annoyed.

"He says she is beautiful, mamma."

"Of course; one's betrothed is always beautiful to the man who is to be married. They are going directly to Heathdale," she added, musingly. "There ought to be someone there to receive them, and the house needs preparation for the occasion. I think, Lillian, that notwithstanding I have been rather shabbily treated in this affair, I shall go down to Heathdale and give them the best welcome possible at so short a notice. I can at least brighten things up and arrange for a small dinner-party and reception in honor of the bride."

"Perhaps they would prefer not to meet anyone just yet, mamma," Lillian suggested.

"I cannot help it. Such a home-coming as that would be too dismal, and not at all in keeping with the dignity of the family. I shall take matters into my own hands and conduct the affair as I think best. We will go to Heathdale the last of the week."

Her ladyship fell into a profound reverie after announcing this decision, while Lillian took up the morning paper and began to read.

Lady Linton was deeply hurt by the way that her brother had written of his approaching marriage, and more so at having been ignored in all the arrangements; yet in spite of all this she was secretly jubilant over the fact that Sir William was about to bring a mistress to Heathdale. It would relieve her of a great burden; of all further plotting and intrigue regarding the enemy whom she had encountered only that day, Virginia Alexander might do her worst now—once let the twenty-first of December pass and she need fear her no more. She might succeed in securing an acknowledgment from Sir William that Virgie was his lawful child and a settlement of a portion of his property upon her; but there would be no longer any fear of the long parted husband and wife coming to an understanding with each other—she, at least, would never come to Heathdale to queen it as mistress.

She had heard of Lord Norton. He was reported to be very old, very eccentric, and very literary; but she had not known of what his family consisted. She did not know, even now, farther than that he had a niece, but in her present mood, with that bitter hatred against Virginia Alexander rankling in her heart and the fear that her own past treachery was liable to be exposed if she was ever allowed to enter Heathdale, she was prepared to welcome Lord Norton's arrival in the most cordial manner, and her spirits rose light as air at the prospect of a new sister-in-law.

"Mamma," said Lillian, suddenly looking up from her paper and breaking in upon these musings, "Uncle Will's engagement is announced here."

"What! in the paper? Well, I must say they are rushing things."

She held out her hand for the sheet, an evil smile on her thin lips, as she imagined something of the chagrin and disappointment that Mrs. Alexander would experience upon reading an account of Sir William Heath's approaching marriage.

There was quite an extended paragraph regarding it, considerable being said about the late Lord Norton and his recent death; mention being made of his having left the whole of his large property to a niece; while the fact that Sir William Heath was contemplating matrimony with the "beautiful heiress" gave rise to some piquancy, since the distinguished baronet having for so many years resisted Cupid's most artful endeavors to lead him to Hymen's altar, his friends and well-wishers had begun to fear that he was hopelessly invulnerable."

"Mamma, what will become of us when Uncle Will brings his wife home?" Lillian asked, somewhat anxiously, as Lady Linton laid down the paper.

The same question had been agitating her ladyship's mind.

They could not well go to Linton Grange, for Percy was making extensive improvements in view of his own approaching marriage; they had no home of their own—in fact they were wholly dependent upon Sir William, and Lady Linton felt that no place but Heathdale would ever be like home to her.

"We will not borrow trouble about that, Lillian," she answered; "this Miss Norton may be very young and inexperienced; in that case she would need some older person, like myself, to advise and assist her; so I imagine that we shall still be welcome in your uncle's household."

That evening, at a dinner party, Lady Linton was besieged by numerous friends with questions regarding her brother's engagement.

She looked wise, and appeared as if she had been in the secret for some time but had not been allowed to divulge anything.

It was true, she admitted, that the marriage was rather a sudden one; but of course it could not have occurred before, because of Lord Norton's critical condition, and there was no reason now why it should not take place, except for etiquette's sake, and her brother did not propose to defer their happiness simply to observe a law of fashion. They would not, however,

"True; I believe I will," Lady Linton answered, brightening.

She followed the advice of her friend the very next day, and, calling at Mrs. Alexander's lodgings, was shown at once up to her private parlor.

There was no one there when she entered, but presently Virgie came in, looking charming in her morning robe of mauve cashmere, with blue silk facings, and greeted her ladyship politely, although with some reserve.

"You wished to see mamma," she said, "but I am obliged to receive you as she is not in just

"I do not know," Lady Linton said, growing pale. "I meet her yesterday on Oxford street, when she told me she had it, and would return it soon. If she has not opened the package I am all right; if she has, and ever sees fit to betray me to Sir William, it will be a sad day for me."

"You were very foolish ever to commit to paper anything concerning that American escape."

"I suppose I was, but I always keep a diary; there are many things of importance that I like to remember accurately, and a diary is so convenient to refer to—it has saved me many mistakes."

"It would have been far better if you had destroyed that year's notes, as I advised you," returned Mrs. Farmum.

"But it was full of important data, and I never dreamed that anything could happen to it—it was very careless of you to lose it," said her ladyship, complainingly.

"I know it was, and I have suffered a great deal of anxiety on account of it; for, of course, with all those names and dates, I am implicated almost as much as yourself. Why don't you go around to her lodgings and get it at once?—your mind will be at rest then. If the seal has never been broken, you are as safe as if it had never been lost."

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### If You Want to Stop a Man From Drink.

She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used.



Mrs. Margaret Anderson Who Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who have a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today.

She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell, (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home, here is her address—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 535 Home Avenue, Hillburn, New York—or to make it easier for you, simply write your name and full address plainly, in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON.

535 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Dear Madam: Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name .....

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Buy from factory. Or by Mail-order. Dealers' Journals. Send its. Sent on 360 Days' Approval Test. Highest quality guaranteed under \$20,000 Bank Bond. Hundreds of kinds. Send \$5 to \$40 on your purchase. We pay freight. Write today for Big New Stove Book No. 501 KALAMAZOO STOVE CO. Mrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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have. I shall leave town tomorrow, and would like it before I go."

Virgie promised to deliver the message, and her ladyship took her leave, with a heart lighter than she had known for years, for the burden of a great dread had been rolled from it.

But she did not receive the package before leaving for Heathdale, as she had confidently expected.

Lillian had arranged to go on the fifteenth, taking with her, and although she waited until the last minute, hoping for the appearance of her long-lost diary, she was obliged to depart without it.

Sue did not worry over it very much, however, for she told herself that if it had been kept all these years with the seal unbroken, there was not much danger of its being disturbed at this late day.

Just as she was about to enter the carriage there arrived a telegram from her brother. It contained just two lines:

"Shall leave Englewood Wednesday noon; arrive at Heathdale on the 7.30 express. Meet us there if you like."

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you would at once read the full and complete story, "Virgie's Inheritance," we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding.

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now. Can I do anything for you, Lady Linton?"

"I wished to see Mrs. Alexander personally," returned Lady Linton, haughtily. "Will she return soon?"

"I am afraid not. She had an engagement with Madame Gerbier, her modiste at eleven, and one with her lawyer at one," Virgie explained.

"Mrs. Alexander thought a moment, then she said: 'that she had a package belonging to me; do you know anything about it?'

"A package?" repeated Virgie, looking mystified; then she added, quickly, "Oh! perhaps it is that sealed package that mamma's uncle found so long ago. Is that yours, Lady Linton?"

"Yes. Sealed!—did you say it is sealed?"

"Yes, it is sealed with a strange device and motto."

"And has it never been opened?" was the eager query.

"Of course not; it is just as mamma's uncle found it," Virgie responded, with curling lips, and flushing indignantly at the implied suspicion.

Lady Linton could have wept for joy. She was saved! her vile secrets were still all her own; and if she could but get that coveted diary into her possession once again, she had nothing to fear; she would burn it without a moment's hesitation.

"I am very sorry to miss Mrs. Alexander, but perhaps you could get it for me?" she said, inquisitively.

"I do not think I should like to do that without mamma's sanction," Virgie answered; "but I will tell her your errand, and no doubt she will take measures to return the package to you at once."

"Very well," replied Lady Linton; "tell her to send it immediately to my brother's residence; the street and number are on my card, which you

# THE THREE SHORT WORDS

## THAT IS ALL YOU NEED.

Just say "I WANT IT" and it will be sent right to you, no matter in what part of America you live. Everything Prepaid. You don't need to give any references, don't need to tell any history, don't need to write a long letter or tell one single word about your trouble unless you wish. Just say "I WANT IT"—three short words—and give your name and address, so we will know where to send it. That is all. We want to send it to you if you need it and will use it. We are glad to send it to you, glad to give you a chance to try it, to show you what it is, to let you see what it will do. We are glad to depend on you to pay for it if it benefits your health, if it makes you physically a better man or woman. If it does not, you don't pay a penny and we cannot ask for a cent. We leave it all to you, but you must write for it, must say the "three short words" so we will know you want it and send it to you. If you don't care to write a letter, use the coupon printed on this page. It tells us you want it and we will send it.

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UNTIL YOU KNOW until you see, until you feel, UNTIL YOU ARE SURE. We cannot ask a penny from you until you know we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We Match Our Remedy Against Your Ailment. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger and healthier, from using it for one month, or you don't pay for it. YOU DON'T PAY FOR PROMISES, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—not a penny! You Are To Be The Judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether health is returning to your body.

**IF YOU CANNOT SEE IT** if you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can you refuse to try it when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read our trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is, read what it does, and do not delay another day before writing for a One Dollar Package on Trial.

### Bad Complication of Diseases.

WESTPORT, TENN.—I write to let you know what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I was all run-down; had Stomach and Heart Troubles, Liver Complaint and Rheumatism. I was so weak that I could hardly walk and could not work at all. I had such pain in my breast and side that I could hardly lie down at night. I weighed 128 pounds when I got sick, but fell off so that I weighed only 110 pounds. I was under the doctors treatment for some time, but he did not do me any good. I just grew worse all the time until I commenced taking Vitæ-Ore. I had read the thirty-day trial offer in my paper, and it was so fair that I sent for a dollar package on trial. The first package helped me some and I sent for more medicine. I kept on using it until I had used five packages. Vitæ-Ore has cured me. I now weigh as much as I ever did, can work all day and feel that I am in better health than I have been for years. W. C. PARISH.



I sent for a dollar package on trial. The first package helped me some and I sent for more medicine. I kept on using it until I had used five packages. Vitæ-Ore has cured me. I now weigh as much as I ever did, can work all day and feel that I am in better health than I have been for years. W. C. PARISH.

### Old People Should Use It.

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment, but the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion derive the blood of the nutrient which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in old age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but for some indeed is the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitæ-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutrients. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually coincidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

## This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

**If You Are Sick** we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write today for a \$1.00 Package On Trial.

### WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

For Both Internal and External Use.

## Prepare For Winter!

Now is the time for you to look TO YOUR BODY, to put it in shape for the winter. It is the time when roofs are shingled and windows are made tight, to keep out winter winds and winter's cold. Every wise housekeeper looks to the security of his dwelling place, and the wise "body-keeper" looks to the security of the body, the dwelling place of vitality.

You must make repairs in the body wherever repairs are needed. If the KIDNEYS are not acting right, it means a leak that must be STOPPED. If the STOMACH and BOWELS are not doing their work properly, it means that the "drains" must be cleaned and repaired. If the LIVER is slack it needs to be tightened. If the BLOOD is weak it must be strengthened. The body must be PREPARED TO RESIST winter ills and you must MAKE IT READY or suffer the PENALTY OF NEGLECT.

If your body needs repairs in any part YOU NEED Vitæ-Ore, the great healer whose light shines brighter every day.

Vitæ-Ore is an all-the-year-round remedy, like a star in the heavens, throwing light into the dark corners of disease at all seasons, but at the approach of Winter it SHINES MOST BRIGHTLY. When mighty winds sweep the country and bring snow and blizzard north of Dixie, and cold, drenching rains to the southland, with Rheumatism, Catarrh and a long train of winter ills in their wake, Vitæ-Ore proves A FRIEND IN NEED—a blessing on farm or ranch and in town home.

The verdict of the people is that NO OTHER MEDICINE prepares the body for the WINTER FIGHT with sickness as does Vitæ-Ore, NONE OTHER WINS THE FIGHT AS EASILY AND ECONOMICALLY. There is NONE OTHER that contains the LIFE ELEMENTS embodied in this remedy, elements which BUILD UP THE BODY, which repair and fortify in every section, which make the blood rich, strong and healthy, full of FORCE and well able to withstand winter rigors.

### AN AID TO Nature.

Nothing is more wonderful than the economy of nature, the natural forces that work in the body, day and night, waking or sleeping, to recuperate from exhaustion, to eliminate what has filled its purpose, to supplant decayed tissues with healthy material, to supply new strength and energy for that which has been expended. It is the same vital force that is at work in all forms of life in the whole universe, both vegetable or animal, and no better term can be applied to it than "the economy of nature," for it is truly "management without loss or waste." And it is an economy which is not parsimony, for nature gives generously for all the normal duties of life, when her great generosity is not abused.

But the economy which like all other economies must have all its workings in perfect harmony, and is of little value when there is a leak somewhere, when there is a drain which unnaturally depletes the resources. Its usefulness is impaired when some organ refuses to perform its share of the work and does not properly co-operate in the great natural mechanism which so ably controls life, health and all vital energy.

It is when this condition presents itself, when nature, by some abnormal manifestation, is proclaiming her need of assistance, that Vitæ-Ore steps into the breach as an able aid to nature, to assist her in her work of recuperation, to help whilerecreant forces and organs into line, to provide nature with materials she demands and tools she needs in her reconstructive work. As all know, if we bruise the skin on any part of the body, nature immediately starts her healing processes, but if blood is poor and vitality low, if the proper materials for nature's work are not in the body, the wound heals slowly and complications may easily arise and nature and the work is specially accomplished. Nature is a perfect mechanician, the like of which all man's inventive genius has been unable to successfully counterfeit, but like all mechanics, she needs proper materials for her work or she cannot perform it.

As an aid to nature (and no matter what means are used, we are only assisting nature), Vitæ-Ore is an ideal creation. It contains substances which, when the body is in ill health, are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials it promotes health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. Whenever there exists an abnormal symptom, Vitæ-Ore assists nature to remedy the disturbance which causes it. It is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It acts always in a natural way by assisting nature to properly perform functions which are always properly performed in good health, thus establishing good health.

Many ills and diseases known by various names may be traced to one single disturbing influence, and it is by the removal of these controlling causes that Vitæ-Ore cures so many seemingly diversified conditions. It cures the cause more than the disease, the origin more than the symptom. It assists in re-establishing order, the lack of which is responsible for ill-health, and when this is encompassed, disease vanishes. It is a rational method, the getting down to the root of the trouble, which should appeal to all rational people.

## Was Nothing But SKIN AND BONES.

NEEDMORE, N. O.—I was taken sick with a Cold two years ago and had some kind of a wheeze at the pit of my stomach. I thought perhaps I was going to have Consumption; I never was so sick before in my life. I tried everything and finally was examined by the best Doctors. Some told me I had Stomach Trouble, then Asthma; I thought my time was short. Every Spring and Fall I would have these attacks. My husband paid out over \$100.00 for different medicines. I felt as though I was nothing but skin and bones. I could not even carry a pail of water or stoop to put wood in the stove. My husband had to assist me wherever I walked, I was so very weak. Then I was taken sick with La Gripe and Bronchitis, and all thought I was going to die. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and my husband wrote for it. When it came I stopped all my doctor medicine. The second dose of Vitæ-Ore made me so hungry I had to eat between meals. My appetite continued to get better and I could eat meat, onions and corn bread. Before taking Vitæ-Ore I only weighed 107 pounds; since taking it I gained 25 pounds. Everybody is surprised to see me so stout and strong and I am better than I have been in the last two years. I work in the garden, milk my cow and do other chores. Mrs. A. H. WELCH.

## Rheumatism Cured AT 80 YEARS.

MENOMINEE, MICH.—About two years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers. The pain passed to my other shoulder, and I suffered so terribly I could hardly turn over in bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. The Vitæ-Ore advertisement attracted my attention and I decided to give it a trial. Before I had used an entire package I felt much improved, but to make the cure entirely sure I used another package. Vitæ-Ore cured me, even though I am 80 years old. O. F. BUELL.

### Re-affirmed 4 Years Later.

MENOMINEE, MICH., May 3, 1908. I still recommend Vitæ-Ore with great pleasure and think it is the greatest preventive of sickness and disease. It would be a great blessing if everybody would give it a trial. I know it has helped me wonderfully; gave me an appetite, vigor and strength. I am now 84 years old, feel well and enjoy working every day. People say it is wonderful at my age and I give the credit to Vitæ-Ore. O. F. BUELL.

### Use this Coupon

If You Don't Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitæ-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in COMFORT and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitæ-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

Street or  
Rural Route \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Make Vitæ-Ore Your Doctor For 30 Days

**IF YOU SUFFER FROM** Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your Sleep, your Appetite, your Digestion, Nerves or Vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments, and start the treatment immediately. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

THEO. NOEL CO.,

Comfort Dept.  
Vitæ-Ore Building.

CHICAGO, ILL.











# TORTURING Backache!—

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean of December 7)

## FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfect harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the University City of New York and the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York City, but now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very simple quick-acting formula which has already been approved by the best doctors.

Last night Dr. Lynott read a paper on the treatment of kidney troubles that proved a revelation to those present. Dr. Lynott was highly praised for his deeply interesting paper, but is liable to criticism for allowing his new treatment to be advertised, especially as he was advertising a free treatment on an introductory offer.

Dr. Lynott, however, explained that this free treatment offer was not so much for patients in the big cities as for the people in villages and country districts who had access only to country doctors. Many of these country doctors, Dr. Lynott explained, were not posted on up-to-date methods of cure, and in fact were jealous of the more educated physicians in cities; so to make quick work of introducing the treatment that the best doctors must recognize as the proper remedy for kidney trouble, he had decided to offer it free for the time being to people in the country. Dr. Lynott said that the free treatments would not be continued indefinitely.

That racking pain, those awful twists of muscles, that sharp digging soreness—digging right through the bones and flesh—all day long—half the night long—pain and misery unbearable—

### Then Suddenly—

such a relief, the back becomes straight and eased, the internal pains cease, the bones quit aching, the muscles stop twitching—health, strength, freedom from all torture—as if by magic.

That is what can and will be done for you, if YOU will only take the time and trouble to read this free offer carefully. It is YOUR loss if you don't get the free treatment—it is your own self you must blame if your torturing twisting, digging pains do not cease.

Now don't think that this is only an ordinary advertisement—it is a high grade scientific offer—a real free offer—especially for the readers of this paper, endorsed personally, and I do not want you to neglect this illness of yours one minute. I want you to get this free treatment and the free book, fully explaining your real illness.

For, in the first place, you must understand that those internal pains and aches (a backache that comes from an ordinary twist or exposure and lasts only a few hours is not meant by this, but the chronic aches and pains) are due to



## Kidney Trouble

Either Kidney Trouble itself, or Bladder Trouble, or Uric Acid leading to Rheumatism. All these diseases go back to the kidneys, and show themselves by internal pains, pains inside and by a racking of the back.

# Free Treatment!

## The Free Treatment

if you answer this advertisement the first time you see it and send your name. An introductory offer for those who really want to get well and who, when cured, will not hesitate to tell their friends. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.



DOCTOR  
**T. FRANK  
LYNOTT,**

whose picture appears here, will personally take charge of your case. He will give your case his personal attention, for he wants to take your case as an example for others. He wants to prove by you that his wonderful treatment is positively efficacious.

You may have heard of Dr. Lynott's high standing in his profession and especially of his deep knowledge of urinary diseases (Dr. Lynott received a special diploma for study of urinary diseases from New York University) so it may be considered fortunate in having been able to offer Dr. Lynott's services absolutely free to the readers of this paper.

Fill out and mail this certificate now, today.

Now we positively know that Dr. Lynott has THE remedy for kidney trouble that will do the work. This remedy—for the sake of humanity—ought to be introduced AT ONCE into every community in the United States. The easiest way to introduce it would be to establish one cure quickly, showing why it instantaneous and why the cure is CERTAIN. So, a free treatment will be given to one person in each town. Just send your own name and address—that is all—and the free treatment will be promptly forwarded to you, also the free book explaining about backaches and all other symptoms of kidney trouble. Now remember that you are under no obligations—all you have to do is to send your name and YOU will get the free treatment. Then, after the treatment has helped you so much, you will, of course, be glad to tell all your friends about it—you are under no obligations to do so, but we know you will be glad to do it, anyway. You would be grateful to us for the treatment and our offer if we had charged you half of a year's salary—it would be worth that much to you surely—but the treatment is absolutely free, prepaid. This is of course, strictly an introductory offer to be the first to your town to write. If you are suffering with any symptoms of kidney trouble or if any member of your family is so afflicted, sign and mail the free trial certificate.

Any sick person who fails to write at once for this absolutely free treatment has no right to complain longer of illness. If you are seeking a cure answer this liberal offer.

### Here is a Table of the Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

#### READ OVER THESE SYMPTOMS

##### See Which of the Symptoms Are Yours

It is important to state in your reply to Dr. Lynott what your symptoms are. Just as soon as the doctor receives your reply, either in a letter or on the free certificate shown below, he will send you the free treatment. Now do not miss this opportunity. Just imagine how you will feel as soon as you get the treatment. You must feel relief at once. So do not delay, but write a letter today stating what the symptoms are. Send this certificate at once to Dr. Lynott, Occidental Building, Chicago.

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Prostatic Trouble.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
- 10—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
- 12—Pain in the hip joint.
- 13—Pain in the neck or head.
- 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 18—Acute or chronic Rheumatism.

## This Certificate

Is Good for the Free Treatment  
if you write at once and send your name.

## Send No Money

obligations to send you the free treatment as promised, and then, of course, as soon as you see the wonderful quick relief this free treatment gives you, you will be glad to recommend the treatment to your friends, who ought not to object to paying for the treatment when the worth of this wonderful treatment (sent free to you) has already been proved in your case. So, if you are wise, you will not delay, but will write at once for this wonderful free treatment. Write to

**Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT**  
2120 Occidental Building, Chicago, Illinois.

## FREE Treatment Certificate

What is Your Name?

State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

What is Your Address?

What Symptoms Have You?

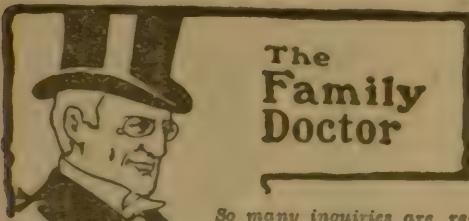
Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is your age?

Married?

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. The FREE treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. It will be up to you to say whether you want to recommend it, and you are under no obligations whatever. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and mail to

**Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2120 Occidental Bldg., Chicago**



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Inquirer, Blue River, Wis.—You are only nervous and sensitive. You should get into the crowd and take part in all the excitement and you will forget yourself. You let the crowds and excitement get on your nerves, so to speak, and need associating with crowds to get used to it.

Musician, Nelson, Me.—We cannot recommend what would be the best appliance for your use because what is good for one may not suit another. Write to the different manufacturers and get their circulars. Then having read them carefully choose for yourself.

S. E., Mt. Vernon, O.—If there is a woman physician in your town we advise you to have a heart to heart talk with her. We believe, however, that there is nothing unusual in the symptoms. You will not be troubled if the cause be removed.

G. L. N., Brownwood, Texas.—Your family physician is right, and you will not be able to overcome the fistula completely without an operation. Your physician could tell you if an anesthetic would be dangerous. You might consult a specialist in rectal diseases, but it would be expensive.

P. B. O., Springfield, O.—Your city booksellers may get the book you want, or you might write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. (2) We have never heard of rattlesnake oil being on the market. We hardly think the use of it will be of much value in deafness.

J. S. A., Ft. Jessup, La.—We doubt if the discoloration can be removed from the scar. A specialist might do it, but the cost would be more than the result would justify. What does your physician say?

Mrs. M., Wagoner, Okla.—You show a very good bill of health for a woman of forty-two. You might improve your breathing by the deep breathing treatment, as follows: Every morning when you get up, and before you dress, stand before an open window and take long breaths, as deep as you can, breathing in through the nose and out by the mouth. Hold the air in your lungs as long as possible before exhaling it. Keep your shoulders back as far as you can stretch them, and raise your arms over your head as you breathe in. You may not be able to take more than two or three deep breaths at first, until you feel dizzy, but continue it every morning until you can take twenty or more. At other times during the day, as often as you think of it, stand straight up and take two or three deep breaths, and more before you go to bed. This treatment not only develops the lungs, but improves the general health by putting oxygen into the blood.

Fair Reader, Coyle, Okla.—Your walking in your sleep, as you call it, is not sleep-walking if your eyes are open and you know what you are doing, but you have to get up anyhow. It is merely a case of weak will. Fight your desire to get up and simply overcome it by will power. If you cannot, or will not, do this, you must keep on walking while you wake.

Mrs. L. C., Pittsburg, Kans.—Massage is probably the best remedy for your arms that "go to sleep" so easily, that and a care for your digestion. Indigestion often presents such symptoms. Diet yourself, and night and morning for ten minutes rub your arms from the hands up to the shoulders, this will promote the vein circulation. Unless we are much mistaken indigestion is the chief cause of the trouble.

Sweet Nineteen, Bonanza, Ark.—Try thorough massage twice a day on the alleged "cysts" and see what effect it will have. You will find it pretty hard work and may take some time, but good results we believe will follow. (2) If you find relief to your headaches by reading and writing less, then remove the cause by reading and writing very little, or none for a while, except in broad daylight.

J. G. L., Waverly, Ia.—You will have to have a physician to make an examination and prescribe treatment for you. We advise that you do soon, or you will be past his services.

A. L. R., Grenada, Ala.—Have you ever had a dentist examine your teeth? If not, get into one's chair as soon as you can and let him fix you up.

J. M. D., Joliet, Ill.—There is considerably more danger at thirty more than at nineteen or twenty, but we have not observed that there is any greater hesitancy to risk it at that age than younger. (2) Not to the same extent, perhaps, but we believe it continues indefinitely in some degree, depending largely upon the temperament of the person.

Ind. Ind., Kokomo, Ind.—Not being specialists in venereal we cannot tell you how the plaster is made, or what it is, but we have our doubts about it removing the sores. Have yours gone away yet? As to the plaster, it is a simple one, and you can get it here or at any drug store, or something equally efficacious. Don't try to make it yourself, but buy it from the druggist. He has several kinds, one quite as good as another. The oil of roses is for perfuming the cream. It has no medicinal value.

R. V. B., Haynes, Ark.—The choking you experience does not in one opinion come from any disease, and there must be some local obstruction. You should consult a physician who can examine it and see what is wrong. (2) These parts of Old Mexico which are dry, are favorable to catarrh patients. Dry air, either hot or cold, is what is beneficial. Dampness produces catarrh.

O. O., Dyersburg, Tenn.—If you are threatened with consumption, what you eat and drink or what medicine you should take, are not so important as that you get the proper kind of air to breathe, and plenty of it. Get out to Colorado, New Mexico or Arizona and keep out in the open as much as you can, night and day.

Overalls, Cypress, Ill.—Nothing the matter with you except self consciousness. Break yourself of it by forcing yourself into contact with people as often as possible. Don't think of yourself, but think of them and exercise your will power in making yourself "normal." Don't be backward, but butt right in and look out for the other fellow. He'll look out for you, all right, so you need not worry about yourself.

#### GEARHART'S 1908 FAMILY KNITTER

is a vast improvement over anything heretofore manufactured. It will not only knit hose, mittens, leggins, etc., from the coarser, heavier, woolen yarns, but it will also knit with cotton, Satin, flax, silk and finer yarns, something heretofore impossible with family knitting machines. These improvements make Gearhart's Family Knitter as essential to any household as a sewing-machine. For full particulars address J. E. Gearhart, Clearfield, Pa.

#### FREE TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

Dr. T. F. Williams, one of the greatest Catarrh Specialists in the United States, offers the readers of this paper one month's Medicine Free in connection with the new "Jubilee." This offer should be accepted by everyone because it is liberal and fair and is made merely to prove that Catarrh can be cured quickly when the right treatment is employed. Write today—take advantage of this opportunity. Address Dr. T. F. Williams, 509 Flynn Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

#### Don't Delay Any Longer,

If you suffer from any ailment you should not allow it to get a day older before you send for Vita-Ore. Give it a trial and a chance to cure you, as it has thousands. Read the offer on page 21.

**BED-WETTING CURED** A harmless home treatment. Nothing only does harm. Don't neglect. **FREE SAMPLE** **FREE** DR. MAY CO. Box X-57, Bloomington, Ill.



## To Every Lady Reader

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get a handsomely designed 112-piece Decorated Dinner Set, **Absolutely Free**. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Dinner Set is yours. You can realize how easily, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away, we will give in addition, as a Special Premium, **Absolutely Free**, the handsomely designed 31-Piece Breakfast Set, described below, with first order. You simply can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.

## NO MONEY NECESSARY

You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your Premium with the Baking Powder, and also send the Glass Pitcher and Six Glasses all together, and then

### We Give You Time to Deliver and Collect Before Remitting to Us.

You start in business on our money. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer? Now don't delay. These handsome Dinner Sets will be grasped mighty quick by prudent ladies all over the country. While it is on your mind sit down and send us your name and address so that you can get our big Special Premium; also free, our Mammoth Catalog and Premium List. Be sure and write today.

**HAGOOD MFG. CO.**  
343 N. Commercial St., St. Louis, Mo.

If the Hagood method is not the **BEST**, why do others try to imitate it?

## 31-PIECE BREAKFAST SET FREE

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front and to get you to help us, we will send with your first order this handsome 31-Piece Breakfast Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send the Breakfast Set in addition to the Dinner Set. This 31-Piece Breakfast Set consists of the following pieces: Breakfast Plate, 10" x 14"; Saucers, Fruit Dishes, 6 Ind. Dishes, 6 C. P. S., 1 Meat Plate, 1 piece is all. We have but a few hundred of these Sets on hand, so we urge you to write quick if you want one.

Subscriber, Byron, Mich.—Medicine is of no value for catarrh in a climate which produces it. Get away from your present surroundings and try Colorado. Dry air is what you must have if you want to get well, and you never will get well where it is damp. Get on a Colorado farm and you will soon be all right. You might advertise in a Denver paper for a job. Go there even if you don't earn more than your keep at first. You'll do better by and by if you are a good man. They want that kind. Later you might have an examination made of your nose and see if the defect there can be remedied. You could have that done, at little or no expense at a Denver hospital.

G. H. Maxwell, La Junta, Colo., offers this as a sure cure for ivy poisoning: Take quarter pound Epsom salts and put two tablespoonfuls in a glass of water, the balance in a tub of hot water, as hot as can be borne. Drink the glassful, and get into the tub of water. Remain in the water several minutes, getting it all over your body. Then dry by pressing a towel on the flesh, not rubbing it. Mr. M. says that within six hours he was all right and in fourteen years has had another touch. He was poisoned on a New Hampshire farm and says he was raw from head to foot.

J. L. D., Ipswich, S. Dak.—Tonsilitis is a disease which affects the entire system, with symptoms not unlike those you describe. As your tonsils are affected that is probably what troubles you, and you should have a physician take the tonsils out. The operation is not very painful, using cocaine, and will probably result in a great improvement in your condition.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED.

A Well Known Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unending growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams, and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my blemish. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain, until a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will send full particulars, free, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results privately at home. All I ask is a 2¢ stamp for reply.

Address, Mrs. CAROLINE OSGOOD, 601 F, Custom House, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING

We give a Solid Gold Laid, Stem-Wind and Stem-Set, Guaranteed Watch, Engraved Front and Back; Proper Size; also Gold Laid Ring set with 2 genuine sparkling man's Genuine 850 Diamond, for selling 20 Jewelry articles at one price. Order by letter when you send us your name and address, and we will send you a free Gold Chain, Locket or Bracelet.

R. G. Francis Co., Box 91, Cooke Falls, N. Y.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

\$10.00 upwards.

Anywhere in U. S. Note or reasonable security. No publicity. Stamped addressed envelope for reply. Baltimore Investment Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

## CANCER

How to cure cancer in 10 to 20 days by my new home treatment mailed free to all sending address. Dr. CURRY CANCER CURE CO., 706 Curry Bldg., Lebanon, Ohio. Refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

## 25 Highest Grade Post Cards 10c

Two sides. Finest yet published. Pretty Girls, Flowers, Panama Canal, Balloons, etc. Yellowware Park, and other new, choice cards. All different. All colored, all colored, no combs. The kind that sells 3 to 5 cents each. All in postpaid, with catalog, just to introduce our large and selecting line of fine, high-class cards and罕見 cards in various colors. DAVIS BROS., Dept. L-32, CHICAGO

## LADIES

Cleopatra's Secret quickly develops the flabby complexion back to the proportions of voluptuous nature. Pilla Solvone permanently removes Superfluous hair without pain, or injury. Particulars 4 cents. Address, WILCOX CHEMICAL CO., 41 W. 21st St., New York.

## 2880 JUBILEE GIFT BUNDLES

Something for the young folks to gladden their hearts and make them remember COMFORT long after our 21st Anniversary is forgotten.

Two Enamored Year Pins, 1908-1909 (see our cut), attractive novelty pin, now being worn by boys and girls everywhere. A Pocket Companion, a Pen, Crayon, Pencil and Eraser. Two handy school and pocket pencils, in metal cases, the ends are interchangeable, and the pen and leads are protected by folding inside when not in use.

Two Santa Claus Christmas Cards, in pretty colors with verse suitable to send your friends at Christmas time. The kind that are two for five cents.

All six articles described above selected from our big premium stock; worth 15 or 20 cents, will be sent you with the twenty-first anniversary compliments of COMFORT for only 8 cents. Only a limited quantity; there won't be any more. Send six cents today for surprise prize bundle of gifts and full Premium List.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## LADIES

"Dr. Southington" positively guarantees his concentrated SEMI-VEGETABLE ERGO-KOLO "Monthly" Compound. Oldest and most reliable. Safely, positively, painlessly RELIEVES some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in THREE to FIVE days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Price \$1.50. Double Strength \$2.00. "LADIES BOOKLET" FREE. Buy of your druggist or write DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Dept. 64, Kansas City, Mo.

## ROGERS SILVER SET FREE



This silver is reliable Wm. A Rogers high-class nickel silver ware. It is guaranteed never to tarnish. If you paid \$10.00 for a set of silver, you could not surpass these goods either for appearance or wear. We will replace them any time within 7 years if unsatisfactory. You can receive silver set FREE.

Sell 24 of our Iris, Star Top, and Swastika Luck Cross Hat Pins at 10¢ each. Send us the 22¢ each and the 14-piece silver set is yours FREE.

The Pins are now and very attractive. They can hardly pass a lady.

Plan to secure a 26-piece set; or a 60-piece dinner set without expense. Write to us now. We will send pins prepaid.

Roger Morris Co., Dept. 156, Chicago.

## 4 Rings FREE

Send your name and address for 12 pieces of our Jewelry to sell at 10¢ each. Remit \$1.20 when sold and we will send these four rings free.

COLUMBIA NOV. CO., Dept. F, East Boston, Mass.

DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Dept. 64, Kansas City, Mo.

## Early Fall Fashions

Sixteen Special Styles for our Jubilee-Souvenir Number. We have selected the pattern numbers here illustrated as being especially good in every way. There are stylish skirts, shirt-waists, dressing sacks, aprons and things for the children. The numbers and sizes are given on the margin and the offers are at the bottom of the page. Let us have your order for several patterns today.



SPECIAL OFFERS. Send ten cents for trial six-months' subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra, for any single pattern mentioned below. Send two trial six-months' 10-cent subscriptions for a pattern free, or two yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or four trial six-months' subscriptions, amounting to 40 cents, for three patterns. A single pattern for 10 cents. Be sure to order by number and state plainly size or age. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Eyes Cured



## Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable and have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble, write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind, you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address with full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 2875 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

## ELEGANT Thin Model OPEN FACE WATCH

The popular ladies' fashion androgy. An accurate timepiece, ruby-jeweled lever movement, stem wind, pendant set, screw back & case. Solid Nickel Silver

**\$3.75**



STEM WIND STEM SET

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it by express for your examination, and if you think it the best bargain you ever saw, pay the express agent our special sample price \$3.75 and it is yours. A handsome silk bob with gold plated charm sent free with every watch. Address M. C. FARGER, B. 40, 225 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



## 50c. Box FREE

During this month I will send one Fifty Cent Box of Orange Lily absolutely free. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. An applied treatment for

Displacement, Ulceration, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors. One month's treatment one dollar. Mrs. B. W. FRETTER, Detroit, Mich.



COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., DEPT. 250, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

## Morphine

A painless home remedy for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 413, 1181 Broadway, New York.

## BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymph. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, 1901. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. BROOKS, 7702 Brooks' Bldg., MARSHALL, MICH.

## 50 PIECES

Silk and Satin Remnants for fancy work. Twelve yards fancy lace, one yard of silk ribbon, beautiful gold plated ring and prize coupon. ALL Post-paid, only 10 Cents. Address.

SEVILLE LACE CO. Orange, New Jersey.

## LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. Novelty, great fun. A person can speak and nearly his friend. Inflatable, a Jester, a horse, like a horse, like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 18, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

## Too Fat

A woman generally knows when she is becoming too fleshly. As a rule, however, she shuts her eyes to the fact, & believes it to be only temporary, until she suddenly realizes that she has gained many pounds & no remedy appears to be forthcoming. To you who have drifted into this situation we can offer remedies that are beyond the shadow of questioning. Our files are filled with thousands of testimonials to this effect, & are the best guarantees of our signal success. Here is one of many. From Mrs. H. Passage, of Mich. "Ten years ago your method reduced my weight 20 pounds & I have not gained any in weight since." Send us your name & address & we will mail it just to convince you.

G. T. M., Farmington, Mo.—Write to Brentano's New York City.

M. C. G., Readstown, Wis.—Try A. C. McClung & Co., Chicago, Ill. If they haven't it, they can get it for you, if it is to be had.

G. T. H., Sealy, Tex.—See answer above to "G. T. M." and "M. C. G." We think some of the books you mention are printed by the authors and are not generally for sale. Ask about that.

F. H. J., Danforth, Me.—There should be such a school as this in Boston. We do not know the address of one. Write to Editor Woman's Department, Sunday Herald, Boston, Mass., inclosing postage, and you will probably get the information you wish.

W. E. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Go to the Public Library in your city and look up the name of Olin in the Cyclopedias of American Biography, and for additional information read what the library may have on the subject of Vermont. The librarian will be glad to lend you all the assistance in his power.

Sample Box Free how pleasant & effective this remedy is. Each box is mailed in a plain sealed wrapper, with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. It costs you nothing to try it. Address HALL CHEMICAL CO., 477 Hall Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

A. L. R., Grenada, Ala.—It is not against the law to write short articles with a pencil or otherwise, to sell to publishers. It is a disappointing business though, and we advise you not to try it.

J. H. W., McDonald's Mills, Miss.—There is no Beron in Ohio, where we can find in the post-office directory. You mean Beron, Ky., we think. There is a well-known college there. Write to Dr. Wm. G. Frost, president college, Beron, Ky.

G. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Go to the Brooklyn Library and inquire for what books you want. If you can't find what you want there go over into Wall street and make a few inquiries. You are a good deal closer to sources of information than we are.

E. A. W., Street, Md.—Cartoonists and illustrators do not use special ink, paper or pencils, but the same kind other artists do. Small country papers do not use the methods of the big city papers in reproducing cuts. They buy the cuts ready-made. Mimeography is a patent process of copying letters.

L. R., Sutton, W. Va.—Cleopatra was an Egyptian and she sailed down the river Nile to meet Anthony, the Roman general.

D. V., Rutland, Ill.—Write to Globe Novelty Co., No. 51 Worcester St., Royalty Novelty Works, No. 505 W. Broadway, New York City, and to Marshall Field Co., Chicago, Ill. They may not manufacture, but they can give you the information if you inclose postage for reply.

B. D. M., Lee, Ore.—Try booksellers in Portland, or write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill. Inquire also of them about picture of Mrs. Hayes. We think it is to be found in "The Republican Court."

M. M. S., Gaylord, Minn.—You will have to pass the required examinations of your county to become a teacher whether you received the proper equipment in a high school or otherwise. Call on your county superintendent and he will tell you what you need and what you must do to get it. If you don't know who he is, any teacher can tell you.

F. W., Freeman, S. C.—There is no place we know of which gives out embroidery to do except in cities where firms give work to people in their employ. A great deal of embroidery is done by machinery much cheaper than it can be done by hand. You are too far away from headquarters.

E. C., Myrtle, Miss.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., giving full description of the coins. We are not experts.

Subscriber, Mendocino, Cal.—We do not know anything about the institution, but as a rule educational institutions are reliable. They do not always accomplish as much as they promise, but that is due as much to lack of effort on the part of students as upon the educational advantages offered.

Paula, New Bannfels, Texas.—Newspapers containing the full testimony of the Thaw trial would be very expensive, if they could be had at all. Write to the various New York papers, World, Herald, Sun, American, and Times, and get their prices.

Mrs. F. N., Redding, Cal.—Your letter has been forwarded as requested. Would like to hear if you receive an answer.

C. S. R., Wake, Va.—Your pearls are too small to be of much value. Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Janette Cunningham, Sycamore St., Danville, Va., would like to hear from any Christian Science readers of COMFORT. She wants to know more about it.

S. B. M., Cambridgeport, Mass.—We do not know the address, but you should be able to find it easily from druggists or grocery people in your town or in Boston. Have you made inquiries?

J. C. W., Whitecastle, La.—Inquire of the State Librarian, Baton Rouge, by mail. We imagine most of them are out of print. The librarian can tell you who published them. If they are out of print, you might get them from a second-hand dealer in New Orleans.

Subscriber, Victoria, Texas.—Any bookseller in your nearest city can supply you with an Italian dictionary. If you don't know any, write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill. Ask for a low priced one, because the large ones are expensive. Get your price before buying. (2) "Optical illusion" not "delusion." Illusion pertains to the sight, delusion to the mind. (3) Can't tell you about the formula, but do not believe it will do any harm.

B. D. M., La Junta, Colo.—Dictionaries are copyrighted, but only the manner, not the matter. You could use their definitions by changing the language to some extent. Most dictionaries give the definitions of other dictionaries in many instances, and acknowledge it by crediting the source. With your work we should say that its value would be increased by quoting other authorities in addition to your own definitions.

Mrs. M. R., Argillite, Ky.—Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy does not wish to be disturbed in her Boston home, and if you wrote to her she would not reply. Try it and see. The street number is not necessary. She is well known.

L. B. M., Mona, W. Va.—If you become a good telegraph operator and typewriter the telegraph people will not care where you learned or how. What is wanted are good men who know their business and can do it quick and right.

Mrs. S. H. T., Hasen, Ark.—Write to the Commissioner of Public Lands, Interior Dept., Washington, D. C., asking for all the information you want.

T. A. M., Petersburg, N. Dak.—Elmer is right. A flaw is a natural or original defect. Get out your dictionary for variations from that definition.

E. M. B., Grafton, Neb.—Try Priscilla, Boston, Mass. (2) Don't find P. L. C. in our list. Try People's Home Journal, New York City.

W. F. J., Cove, O.—To the best of our knowledge the material is ordinary quartz of no commercial value other than quartz usually has. Submit specimens to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

R. W., Dallas, Wis.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and to A. G. Spaulding & Bros., No. 132 Nassau St., and B. H. Ingerson & Bros., No. 65 Cortland St., New York City.

Z. G., Turtle Creek, Pa.—The only way to get such a position is to apply for it at all the places where there may be an opening. The best place to begin is right in Pittsburgh, where you have Sunday papers using the kind of material you wish to supply. Positions of this sort do not come easily and you will have harder work finding one than you will in conducting it after you get it, although it is no easy job if done properly.

G. T. M., Farmington, Mo.—Write to Brentano's New York City.

M. C. G., Readstown, Wis.—Try A. C. McClung & Co., Chicago, Ill. If they haven't it, they can get it for you, if it is to be had.

G. T. H., Sealy, Tex.—See answer above to "G. T. M." and "M. C. G." We think some of the books you mention are printed by the authors and are not generally for sale. Ask about that.

F. H. J., Danforth, Me.—There should be such a school as this in Boston. We do not know the address of one. Write to Editor Woman's Department, Sunday Herald, Boston, Mass., inclosing postage, and you will probably get the information you wish.

W. E. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Go to the Public Library in your city and look up the name of Olin in the Cyclopedias of American Biography, and for additional information read what the library may have on the subject of Vermont. The librarian will be glad to lend you all the assistance in his power.

## FREE SOLO GUITAR and INSTRUCTION BOOK

Full size solo instrument, American manufacture, well and carefully made, cherry finish and richly ornamented. All strung with six strings, gives clear, rich tone, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as a \$10.00 Guitar. With instrument we give Free a Self Instruction Book: by its aid anyone can easily learn to play. We guarantee satisfaction. Write for 30 packages Bluine to sell at 10 cents each. Every housewife can use Bluine washdays. Return our \$3.00 and we will send guitar and instruction book. BLUINE MFG. CO., 812 Mill Street (The Old Reliable Firm,) Concord Jct., Mass.

## BIG DOLL FREE



This great Big Doll, dressed in satin, lace and ribbon, with jointed body, bisque head, curling hair and lovely complexion. She closes her eyes when she lies down. She wears a beautiful stylish dress, big picture hat, lace trimmed underwear, pretty slippers, and stockings that take off. We also give with her a pretty set of Bamboo Doll's Furniture. This Doll and Furniture are just what every girl wants. Send us your name and address for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10c. a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful doll and furniture at once.

Bluine Mfg. Co. 806 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

## BOTH PLATES FREE

or regular plates, or plates in blue, green, yellow, etc. Send us your name and address and we will send you these plates free.

or the 15c. we will send you 10c. plates. Both plates are not used.

Address Ring Headquarters, 250 Jackson St., Toledo, Ohio.

## DR. EDOOTE'S FLASHLIGHTS 10¢ ON HUMAN NATURE

The only concise book on the human body, its organs, functions, Health and diseases. Contains 240 pages, fully illustrated. Gives advice necessary to every man and woman. Imparts information you would naturally be given by a doctor.

Reduced to 10c. to introduce. Sent by mail.

M. HILL PUB CO. 129 1/2 East 28th St., N. Y. City.

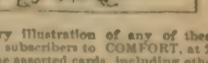
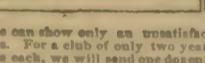
## YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE?

No. But send two stamps (4 cents) and state birth to the great American Astrologer for a life reading. He will give you many hints and help you in your love, health, business and future.

PROF. ERNEST BYAM, Dept. 1, 51 Racine, N. Y.

## Christmas Post Cards Free

Everyone wants to send some message of greeting to friends that they receive on Christmas morning and there is nothing so acceptable and pleasing as a pretty Christmas Card. We have some very pretty and nicely colored Christmas Post Cards which we will give you gratis to send up clubs of subscribers to COMFORT. These NEW 10c. CARDS are published in color and are extremely attractive and beautiful cards, each with a different scene. With its long list of gift ideas the Christmas list is very good. "Merry Christmas" is an unusually pretty card. "Our First Christmas" is a religious card interpreting the birth of Christ in the manner a truthful reproduction from an original oil painting and is destined to be very popular. The sentiments and allegorical cards are in themselves works of art, making a collection of five very strong Holiday cards.



We can show only an unsatisfactory illustration of any of these cards. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 20 cents each, we will send one dozen fine assorted cards, including other equally as popular sentiment or motto cards to make up the twelve cards. Get up a club of two and send today, and we will send you the set of twelve cards free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## AT MY RISK Treatment FREE To SUFFERERS



Dr. F. C. Caldwell, Specialist

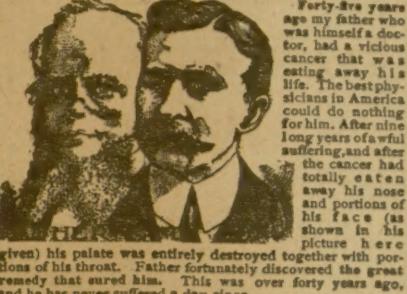
Thousands have been benefited by the test treatment alone—many entirely cured, and even if the \$1.00 test box cures you, you are under no obligations to me, for where I said test treatment is waiting for you and







**The sad story of  
MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING  
FROM CANCER**  
Read the following and be convinced  
WE CAN CURE YOU.



Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering, and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in the picture here given) his palate was entirely destroyed together with portions of his throat. Father fortunately discovered the great remedy that cured him. This was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same disease has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth, I will give them the names of the physicians who write us. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

**HAVE YOU CANCER?** Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Gout, Catarrh, Sait-Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

We positively guarantee our statements true, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded.

It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or caustic. And if you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. Write us, send us others, and we cure you. Forty years experience guarantees you a safe remedy as today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DRS. MIXER, 269 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

**BIG FUR SCARF  
FREE!**



LADIES, this big handsome fur scarf is nearly 52 inches long—made from warm, soft and glossy Black Lynx Fur. It is ornamented with six heavy bows, fastened with a pretty chain clasp and is the most popular shape and style ever known. It is warm and dressy and will give years of the greatest satisfaction.

Send your name and address and we will send you 24 pieces of our Jewelry Novelties to sell at 10c. each. Return our \$2.40 when sold and we will send you this Fur Scarf. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.,  
Dept. 75, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

**GOLD WATCH  
AND RING FREE**

American Movement Watch Gold plated Case, warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also Gold Filled Ring with Sparkling Gem, both free for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry. When sold send us \$2.40 and we send watch and ring.



**YOURS--FREE  
White Feather Boa or Scarf**

WE want to give every woman and girl in the United States one of these handsome white feather scarfs, absolutely without money-cost to them. Advance information from London, Paris, Berlin and New York predict that white will be worn extensively this and the coming season. There is nothing which gives a daintier and more dressy finish to the costume than a fluffy feather boa.

This scarf or boa is snowy white, the same design of a scarf as that worn by the most fashionable women, usually at the church, opera, or other society functions. Just the thing to lightly throw over one's shoulders on a cold winter or sharp spring evening in place of a heavy jacket or fur boa—as much for ornament as for wear, and will be worn within the house, at church and in society generally.

**White and Fluffy**

We know you will fall in love with this stylish scarf the minute you see it, it is so white and fluffy.

White softens the color of a dark gown, and well rounds out a white suit and can be worn with full dress or open work shirtwaist. Until this season feather boas, especially the white ones, have been very little worn on account of the expense. None of the above afford them. A pure white feather is very hard to find; like diamonds, they are expensive just because they are scarce. A black garment may be made by dyeing a white garment, but black cannot be made white, hence their value. By a lucky stroke of fortune we have secured an importation of these white feather boas which will place them within the reach of everyone. We want you to have one without money cost to you. We consider this one of the greatest opportunities to obtain a valuable acquisition to your wardrobe without money expense. It is an article which every well-dressed woman should at least try to possess.

**Easy to Get Without Money**

THIS scarf is yours for very little effort on your part. This White Boa or Scarf will be sent you without a cent of your money, now, or at any other time. All we want is a few minutes of your spare time; how few will surprise you. Just sign the coupon found in the right-hand corner of this ad and immediately we will tell you plainly how you can get the scarf without money-cost to you.

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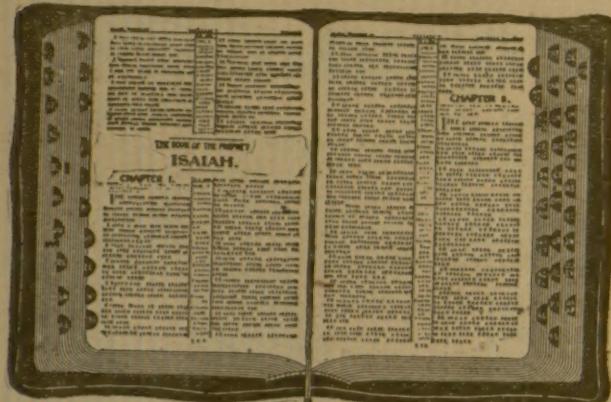
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the coupon found in the right-hand corner of this ad and immediately we will tell you plainly how you can get the scarf without money



## Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half-tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

### GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James' Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.



## Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetical Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

### CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## BOILING HOT WATER OR MILK INSTANTLY

### A Quick Heating Stove

Useful day or night, on the Dining Table, in the Sick Room, or for the Children, to heat their food. This Portable Stove is made wholly of Aluminum, in five parts. The dish, which will accommodate more than a pint, the cover, the base and fuel cup with extinguisher, is all there is to it, and there is nothing to get out of order, nothing that will burn. Will not break. This stove may be operated with ordinary Alcohol, Wood Alcohol, or the new and cheap Denatured Alcohol, now obtainable everywhere. A Pint of Fuel will operate the stove for a long time, a very small quantity is required to fill it, one large spoonful will do for two days or nights.

Should it be desirable to carry this Stove whenever you visit or travel, the base, the lamp and cover may be put inside the Dish, the whole makes a small package but three inches through and weighs only four ounces. We show the stove packed up in the small illustration at left. It is annoying to use a common house lamp as a method of heating quickly anything that may be required in a hurry. It is also dangerous and causes many fires. The dirty lamp chimneys, wherein with this handy and practical method a bit of alcohol may be put into the lamp which is a small cup of asbestos covered with a brass network to prevent any danger and an intensely strong heat is generated instantly, with results that are most gratifying.

After you have heated whatever you may have put into the Dish the handles unfold from the side of same, and you pour the contents into a cup or plate.

For making Tea at the table, or for heating gruel or milk in the sick room, these Stoves are invaluable, while for use in the home where there is an infant to feed at night there could be nothing more handy, quick or convenient.

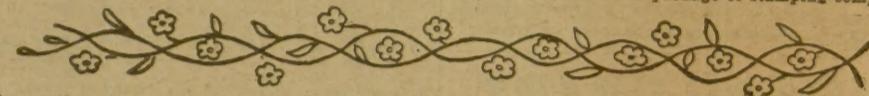
CLUB OFFER: For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these Aluminum Stoves post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets. 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.



In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit offered elsewhere.

The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

### Two Complete Shirt

#### Walsi Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 8 sheets of bond paper, a box of Modern Stamping Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.  
1 Lace Collar.  
1 Turnover Collar.  
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.  
1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.  
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

1 10 in. Cut Work Dolly.  
1 8 in. Strawberry Dolly.  
1 8 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.  
1 8 in. Lace Dolly.  
1 4 in. Strawberry Dolly.  
1 5 in. Whist Dolly.  
Words and Letters, etc.  
Photographs, Gloves,  
Handkerchiefs,  
Collars & Cuffs.  
1 Suspender Design,  
Daisies.

1 Suspender Design,  
Forget-me-nots.

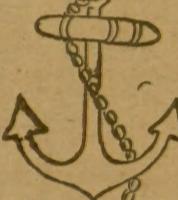
Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as doilies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, containing clean, fascinating stories of great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

### Our Princess Outfit Offer.

For a club of 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST.



## Sideboard and Bureau Scarf.



Also two nine-inch doilies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large doily designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole or stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two doilies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

### Special Offer:

For a club of 8 six months' trial 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT we send this stamped pattern free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TABLEWARE IN FINE SILVER PLATE.

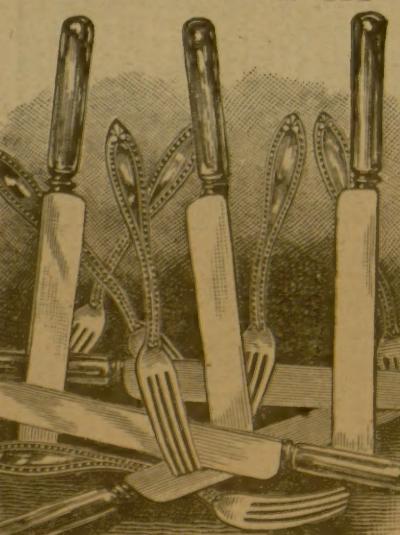
### Goods That Have Won Several Exposition Medals.

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of six Knives and six Forks to give away. They are simply irresistible, perfect gems. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, such as ladies' tea sets, mirrors and other silver novelties, in fact is used on most every article made of silver where dainty finish ornamentation and attractiveness is wanted. To assist the manufacturers in introducing this line of decoration we have arranged this liberal premium offer.

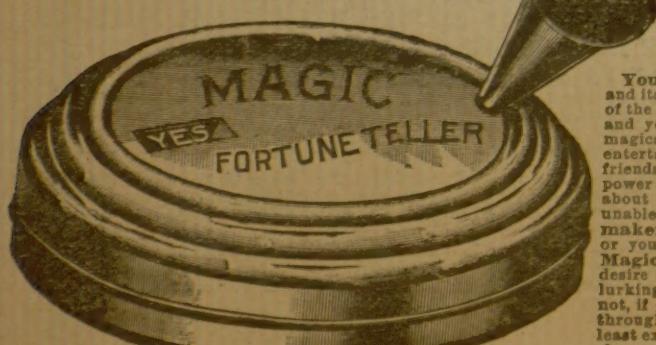
**SPECIAL.** You may send us a club of only 13 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 20 cents each for a year's subscription.

**EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER.** We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. Instead of yearly subscriptions you may send a club of six 3-year 50-cent subscribers, which will also amount to \$3.00. If you take advantage of this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the usual family for absolutely nothing, as we pay all shipping charges on the above offers. Send for sample magazine and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Magic Fortune Teller



Is A Most Marvelous Invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech.

You talk to it as though it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your lips and your voice bring about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters that you have before been unable to have answered. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others. If you desire to know if Fortune or Misfortune is looking about you, if you are to marry or not, if you will be successful in life, or if you will gain what you least expect, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thoughts and concentration to this Magic Fortune Teller.

and everything will be clear to you. These machines are strongly and beautifully made, handsomely nickelized. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a life time. Being an entirely new invention we want to introduce quickly and therefore offer them FREE. We will send one as a sample for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**A Bunch of Daisies**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

he remembered how he had stolen from the house to gather from that same meadow a handful of her favorite flowers, and had placed them in her cold and lifeless fingers, thinking how pleased she would be if she could only know what he had done.

A mist gathered in his eyes, but any further thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Emily, who was saying, "I shall have to leave you now, for here comes Frank Watson with my box, and you will have to look around for the girl wearing yellow and white."

She turned away very much disappointed, and looked her displeasure as she saw him step quickly to Nettie's side, for she had fastened to her waist a bunch of daisies.

"My name is Hearn," said Wilmet, as he approached her, "and as we have never met before, we will be compelled to introduce ourselves."

A pretty blush crept over her cheeks and she shyly told him that her name was Nettie Erlecourt.

Emilly's dark eyes flashed as she watched Wilmet's attention to the girl so much disliked. Her entire evening was spoiled, and she shook her head angrily as she beheld them at the close

of the entertainment, leave the hall together.

Then Sadie Young, whose eyes were dancing with delight, exclaimed that she was more than pleased at what had happened, and hoped that Wilmet would fall in love with Nettie. And as she saw the expression on Emily's face she continued to talk quite freely of what might happen.

Emily turned away in disgust, and the rest of the week did all that lay in her power to make Nettie's life miserable and unbearable. She found fault with everything and declared that it was time they got rid of her, for she was putting on entirely too many airs for a servant girl.

But her anger knew no bounds, when one evening a few days later, as she was about to leave the house, she saw Wilmet Hearn entering the front gate and as he was about to ascend the steps, he coolly inquired if Miss Erlecourt was at home.

Emily answered him coldly that Nettie, the hired girl, was at present washing the dishes in the kitchen, but if he wished to see her, she would call a servant to show him to the kitchen door.

He looked surprised at her manner, made his apologies, and replied that he would step to the side door. Then he turned quickly and ran down the marble steps while the jealous girl gazed after him in angry astonishment. A moment later she heard him say quite plainly, "I

will be her, Miss Erlecourt in about an hour with the carriage."

As he passed out, he caught sight of her, still standing upon the steps. He raised his hat, closed the gate and went on his way.

The very next day, Nettie received her notice to leave. With fear, she inquired what fault they had to find with her or her work.

"Is it not quite sufficient for you to know that we do not require your services any longer?" answered Emily very sharply.

Nettie packed her little trunk with a very sad heart. "Where could she go, and how find another situation?" for Mrs. Wall had positively refused to give her a reference. And she was an orphan and alone in the world.

She concluded to call upon the pastor of the little church which she attended, and inquire if he knew of anyone who needed a girl.

As she made her way along the street she saw Mr. Hearn. He came quickly towards her, and asked the cause of her tear-swollen eyes, and brokenly and hesitatingly she informed him what had just occurred. He regarded her gravely for a few moments, and then said tenderly:

"Nettie, I did not intend to speak so soon, but I feel that under the circumstances I cannot keep still. I love you, and if you will be my wife we can be married right away. Then you will not be obliged to look any further for a situation."

"You love me?" she murmured joyously; the color deepening in her fair cheeks. "Oh, you can't mean it!"

"But I do, my dear; so let us surprise our friends and make that call together on your pastor."

She glanced shyly at him, scarcely believing her ears, and walking silently beside him.

The good old minister on hearing their story, said it would give him the greatest of pleasure to unite them in marriage. He guessed the cause of Nettie's dismissal from Mrs. Wall's home, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he watched the happy young couple leave his house, after the knot had been tied.

One can imagine the effect which the news had upon angry Miss Emily Wall. She was furious and was absolutely unable to conceal her feelings. At the next meeting of the Good Templars, Sadie Young took occasion to express her extreme delight at the marriage.

"Just think, girls," she said with her eyes sparkling with mirth, "this little romance was all brought about by a tiny bunch of daisies. In future, let us not despise that humble little flower."

But Emily Wall could stand no more, as the quick tears of disappointment and anger sprang to her dark eyes, and she walked away from the room murmuring angrily to herself, "I hate the old flower."

# 700 ORGANS

All Superb, Pipe-Toned Instruments

## Given Away

**MADAM: I mean it. I am going to give away 700 genuine Peerless Parlor Organs, each nearly seven feet in height, finished superbly in French canopy design and each guaranteed for ten years.**

**I am making this offer to ladies—keen, economical, business-like ladies everywhere in this country. On this offer I want to reach the best ladies in every community.**

**Don't—please don't—class my great free offer with the other free offers you may have seen. Many people—many business men—told me not to make such a tremendous offer. They told me that people would not believe it because the offer was too big and too liberal. But I said to them: "I will tell the people in such a way that they WILL believe it."**

**And, Madam, that is what I am trying to do now. I am trying to tell you about this grand, free organ offer so that you will BELIEVE IT. I WANT TO GIVE YOU AN ORGAN AND I DON'T WANT A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY. You can't get me to accept ONE CENT for this organ. I give it to you positively free. I am GIVING these organs away—not selling them. If you were to go into any music store you would be asked to pay from \$60.00 to \$75.00 for every one of the seven hundred (700) organs I give away absolutely free.**

**Write to me today. I want you to put your name on the coupon and send it to me. I want to tell you why I will give away seven hundred (700) elegant Peerless organs. Madam, I want to tell you more of this sensational offer. Don't be backward about sending me the coupon. Don't hesitate. Say to yourself: "This appears to be the most wonderful offer I ever saw," and then put your name and address on the coupon, for it IS the most wonderful offer you ever saw. It is an offer without a parallel—the grandest, most astounding offer ever made by any man.**

## I Guarantee An Organ to Every Woman Who Fulfills My Offer

And I Will Pay The Freight.

**I can't say more than that. I can't be more direct. And my offer is so simple—so easy. I am a big manufacturer. I deal in necessities for the home. I have honorable, reputable representatives in every state, and I am glad to say that ALL the ladies representing me are PROUD of their connections with such a large and well known business house. But I want MORE ladies. I want more women to become my representatives for my family supplies. And I want the highest class women, because my offers to the home in teas, coffees, baking powder, toilet articles, extracts, soaps and other necessities are, as they should be, the BEST offers made by the BEST house in America.**

**And I know that to get the BEST ladies I must offer them something better than has ever been offered before. So I make the offer today of giving away 700 genuine, guaranteed Peerless Organs. Remember, I don't ask a penny for any of these 700 organs. I won't accept your money. You can't give me your money. I only want to make a straightforward business arrangement with you. I want to make this arrangement right away. I guarantee that if you will fulfill my offer one of these organs will be yours, and I will pay the freight. So I ask you to send the coupon at once. Just your name on the coupon is all I want. Then I'll tell you how you can stay right in your own home and get this beautiful grand parlor organ at once.**

**Put your name down now, and as you are writing it look at the five-piece toilet set shown here. This set goes to you even without an effort on your part. It is a gift from me, pure and simple. Nothing is required to get this toilet set. So sign the coupon now. I merely mention this here to show you that my offers are MORE LIBERAL than any you ever saw before. Now, put your name on the coupon, clip out and send today. Do this at once.**

## Put Your Name On The Coupon!

It Is Good For The Big Organ Offer

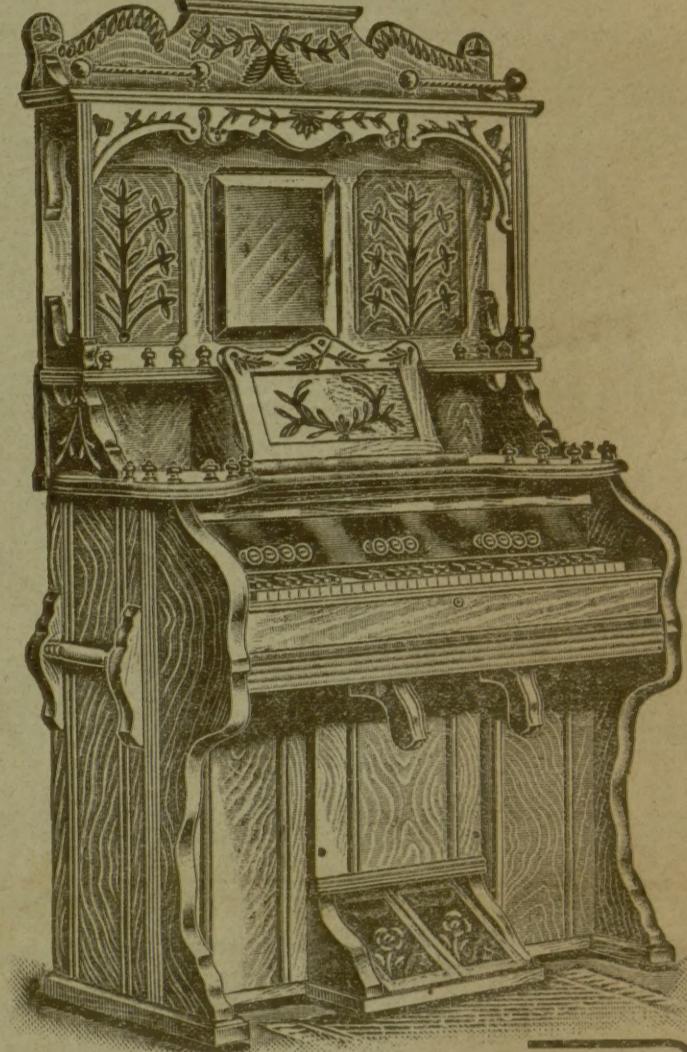
Think of the 700 organs—read the description of these organs. Think over the ten-year guarantee. An organ goes to you without your paying a cent of money for it to me or anybody else. Just fulfill my simple offer and an organ is yours for life. And there is the toilet set which is yours without even an effort.

**Act now. Nobody ever got anything who didn't ACT. Don't delay—put your name on coupon—send it today.**

**JOHN MAGNUS, President, LEE MFG. CO., 35th and Morgan Streets, Dept. 127, CHICAGO, ILL.**

I guarantee to pay the freight. Both the organ and the freight are free. Send coupon

CUT OR TEAR OFF ALONG THIS LINE  
JOHN MAGNUS, Pres. LEE MFG. CO., 35th & Morgan Sts. Dept. 127 Chicago, Ill.  
GENTLEMEN: You may send me your free organ offer, your catalog or places me under no obligations.  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
No letter necessary: just sign and mail the coupon today.



HERE is a picture of one of the 700 magnificent Peerless Organs I am giving away. Some one will get these organs sure. You should have one. I want to give them to high-class business ladies everywhere. I will give an organ to every lady who fulfills my offer. I guarantee this. These organs are genuine pipe-toned parlor organs, magnificent in construction, style, tone, finish, volume, touch and ease of action. Each has five octaves and eleven stops, four sets of silver-tongued reeds—123 in all; grand organ and forte swell. The case is a beautiful new design in the best quality of solid selected oak, high gloss finish. It has extension lamp stands, music pockets, sliding lid, handsome moulding and artistic carvings. The top is of chaste canopy design with French plate, beveled edge mirror, 14x14 inches; closed music pocket, substantial turnings and castors. When set up for use the organ is 6 feet 5 inches high, 3 feet 9 inches wide and 23 inches deep. Gross weight, boxed, 375 pounds. This organ is positively guaranteed for 10 years. We further guarantee that it cannot be bought any place for less than from \$60 to \$75. Send coupon.

**Extra! FREE Right Away!**



HERE is the handsome 5-piece toilet set we give you without an effort. You don't have to do a thing to get this set. It is positively free—given with our compliments. So sign the coupon. Send the coupon today. This toilet set is practically indestructible. The body of the chinaware is pure white, decorated with beautiful flowers in their natural colors. The set consists of the following pieces: One Water Pitcher, one Wash Bowl, one Chamber, one small Pitcher, one Soap Slab—five pieces in all. Send the coupon today. Remember, this set is given to you, anyway. It is not a prize for which you must work, but it is extra and in addition to the magnificent organ. Send the coupon today. Do this right now. Be one of those to get one of the 700 organs. It is so easy—so very, very simple. Hurry and get the coupon in today.

REMEMBER, I guarantee you an organ as per my offer made here. Take immediate advantage of this liberal offer. Send the coupon. Don't wait.